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The Noble Lord and the Common Market

Mr. Harold Macmillan has something of the personality of an Edwardian actor-manager. No sooner had he been injected into office than he set to work producing a grandiose epic-extravaganza entitled "The European Common Market." Its theme is simple. Britain, by her self-sacrifice over Suez, has sustained a severe economic set-back. So she will join forces with the countries of western Europe and create a powerful economic consortium which will be able to face up to Russia and America.

The show, it should be pointed out, is not all that new. It has been touted all over Europe for the last three decades by an entire generation of bright young Demochristian politicians, some of whom are now distinctly middle-aged. And the press reception for the latest revival has been, to say the least, mixed. Macmillan's erstwhile champion, Lord Beaverbrook, came to the first night heavily armed with rotten tomatoes. The common market, he shouts, will sever our last ties with the Empire. It will ruin British industry by opening the flood-gates of cheap German competition. We will be invaded by millions of Italian unemployed. Because of our wonderful social services we are ill-equipped to face the competition of reactionary foreigners. It is a measure of Lord Beaverbrook's wrath that he is not merely calling for a general election, but has placed himself in the position where he is forced to defend the welfare state.

Ordinary people—indeed, ordinary economists—are wondering what on earth all this fuss is about. And the short answer is: very little. The details of the common market treaty, which parliament will eventually be called upon to ratify, have not yet been decided. But it is obvious that the market will be extremely limited in scope. Germany's high rate of industrial investment—15 per cent. of output, as opposed to 7 per cent. in Britain—and her low labour costs, make any general scheme of equal competition with Britain out of the question. Agricultural products, certain raw materials and a wide range of industrial goods will be excluded from the market. Preferential arrangements for Commonwealth trade will be continued. At most, the common market will be an extension of the principles of Gatt over the restricted area of the O.E.E.C. countries, with additional provisions for the free transfer of investment capital.

Lord Beaverbrook, therefore, has no real cause for alarm. But Labour, on the other hand, should watch Mr. Macmillan closely—and for two reasons. The principal virtue of the common market, in his eyes, is that it will give the British public the impression that his government possesses something which it conspicuously lacks: an economic policy. The idea of a European free trade zone has a progressive ring about it, which will doubtless appeal to the floating voter and the *bien-pensant* middle class. In fact, as at present conceived, the zone is based entirely on the unfettered play of market forces. As M. Mendès-France pointed out, in his devastating critique of the European customs union plan (which is the advanced stage of the common market), any form of national economic planning is automatically excluded. If anything, the broad economic effect of the common market will be deflationary. The slowing down of British industrial production, brought about by the Macmillan credit-squeeze, will be continued. Mr. Macmillan has the virtue of consistency.

The second danger is more serious. Since the Suez fiasco, the Tory Party has been possessed by a deep anxiety. Its members realise that before long they will once more be in the wilderness—and many of them welcome the prospect. What frightens them, however, is the thought that a Gaitskell-Bevan government, elected with a huge popular mandate, will take giant and irretraceable strides in the direction of a planned economy. Against this gloomy prospect, the common market offers them some slender safeguards. If Britain commits herself to it, the reintroduction of bulk-buying, long-term government contracts, and a wide range of economic controls—for planning now has to go beyond national frontiers—may become vastly more difficult. Labour's compelling duty, therefore, is to analyse Macmillan's extravaganza with an eye to Britain's Socialist future.

Comments on the Week's News

Back to the Cold War?

America's new Middle East policy is being dragged into the quagmire of the cold war. As originally conceived, the "doctrine" was a new formulation of America's traditional "good neighbour" policy under U.N. auspices. Under pressure from Congress, however, Mr. Eisenhower is being forced to represent it as a unilateral response to a Communist threat, with economic aid as a para-military weapon. America is drifting into the Middle East vacuum not as a benevolent neutral, but as the unwelcome heir of Britain. This tendency is being increased by events in the area itself. The old divisions are re-forming. Last week, the four Moslem members of the Baghdad Pact ostentatiously welcomed the "doctrine," and ended their communiqué with hostile references to Syria and Egypt; the hated pact is to be perpetuated, with America as a new godmother, and Britain is to be welcomed back into the fold at its next meeting in March. In response, the three anti-Baghdad Pact powers have hastily agreed to find the money to bribe Jordan into their camp. American policy should be designed to prevent the polarisation of the Arab world between Cairo and Baghdad, because it is precisely this division which provides Russia with her invitation card to the Middle East. Instead, America is helping to make it still wider. There is already a tendency to "write off" Syria as a semi-satellite, which will not qualify for aid; and State Department officials hint that Egypt's take-over of foreign banks was "the last straw," and that Egypt will get no dollars while the Nasser regime stays. King Saud, now visiting America, is to be put under financial pressure to leave the Cairo-Damascus axis. America, in short, is playing Britain's old, disastrous game of basing her policies on the personalities of Arab rulers.

Eisenhower's Dilemma

There is some evidence that the President is aware of this danger, and that he is anxious, where possible, to use the U.N.—which now has a high reputation in the Middle East—as a stalking horse to win Arab friendship. But here he immediately comes up against the labyrinthine difficulties of the Arab-Israeli conflict. The Arabs regard the current negotiations between Mr. Hammarskjöld and Israel over the withdrawal of Israeli forces from Gaza and the Aqaba Gulf as the acid test of the U.N.'s good faith. Israel's bargaining counters, in her attempt to persuade the U.N. to retain its forces permanently in the area, are the fruits of an act of aggression which the General Assembly has condemned; and in the Arab view, therefore, if the U.N. accepts the Israeli conditions it will be compromising with the aggressor. On the other hand Ben-Gurion is right to insist that the U.N. will be failing in its mission—which, basically, is to keep the peace—if it permits Egypt to resume her blockade of Aqaba and the *fedayeen* raids from Gaza; indeed, if the U.N. simply puts the clock back to October 29, 1956, Israel will be forced, sooner or later, to fight another preventative war, with all its incalculable consequences. There is some hope that, over Gaza, an agreement—perhaps on the lines suggested by Mr. Crossman in this journal recently—may be reached. But over the Aqaba coast, which Egypt claims as her territory, Nasser is intractable; indeed, his radio has already announced that Egypt will resume the blockade as soon as the Israeli forces withdraw. In the view of the Israelis—and of a growing number of U.N. members—for the U.N. to connive at this blatant challenge to the freedom of the seas would be a fatal blow to the most fundamental principles which the Organisation was designed to uphold. America's attitude, which will probably be decisive, has not been finally determined, though it is reported to be swinging round to the Israeli point of view.

Purging the Revolutionaries

It is not surprising that Bela Kovacs and other non-Communist politicians have refused to continue discussions with the Kadar government. All they were offered was a place in a puppet administration—an offer which made no concessions to Hungarian opinion and was designed solely to give an air of respectability to Kadar and his associates. These men cannot even secure the co-operation of Marxists such as Professor George Lukacs, who has to be kept in durance in Rumania lest he be used as a rallying point for "dissident" elements. The Kadar regime, in fact, is dealing most harshly with former party members who were involved in the revolution, despite its promise to deal fairly with "honest" people who were "misled" by "fascist counter-revolutionaries." It has already arrested many leaders of the workers' councils, and tried to disrupt these groups by a mixture of repression and penetration by police agents. Now comes news of a new wave of arrests and executions. Joszef Dudas—allegedly the leader of the "white terror"—has been shot; he was a former Communist, and despite attempts to present him as a mere terrorist, all the evidence (including that of Polish journalists) suggests that he stood somewhere near the centre of the revolutionary movement. It is also reported that General Pal Maleter, of whom nothing had been heard since the Russians seized him at the time of the second intervention, has been tried and may already have been executed. Among those just arrested are members of the students' committee in Budapest. Istvan Poszar, the deputy leader of the students' committee, was an assistant reader in Marxism in the law faculty: he had studied in the Soviet Union and had been one of the secretaries of the party youth organisation in Budapest university. The leader of the students' committee, Janos Varga, was also a party member and assistant dean in the faculty of history. Ferenc Pergel, who edited the newspaper published by the students during the revolution, had been a reader in the faculty of journalism and had been a party official. Some of the others who have been seized were not Communists, but these young men represented the best hopes of the revolution. No doubt an attempt will be made to present them as the "dregs of the streets."

NEXT WEEK

An 8-page Supplement

Prisons and Prisoners

by C. H. Rolph

An open letter to the new Home Secretary examining the present treatment of prisoners and outlining a programme of prison reform

also

The House of Lords

by Sir Robert Boothby

Refugee Miners?

Last year the National Union of Mineworkers admitted that there were 2,880 vacancies in South Wales pits which could not be filled; and at the present moment, there are more vacancies in South Yorkshire than in any other area. It therefore seems odd that, both in South Wales and South Yorkshire, miners' lodges should object to the employment of refugee Hungarian miners. It seems even odder when one recalls that, in sending help to the victims of pit disasters in other countries, British miners have proved themselves more internationally minded than most other groups of workers. But it is understandable that, where the housing shortage is still acute, British people should feel that the admission of something like 2,000 foreigners into the coalfields will diminish their own chances of getting a decent house. Even more important, men working at the coal face, in semi-darkness and considerable danger, need to be sure that their immediate neighbours can be relied on and, particularly, that they can understand at once whatever is said to them. There are thus sound reasons for saying that Hungarians should not be given jobs where there is any danger until they have learned English and English methods or unless groups of them can work as a team with their own deputies and shot firers. But there seems to be no reason why they should not at once be given any vacant surface job, provided the government matches its readiness to help refugees.

South Africa Turns the Screw

The South African Parliament has begun its new session in the shadow of the melodramatic treason trials. Legislation is likely to be given less publicity than the increasing racial tensions, promoted by the arrests, and already revealed by the bus boycott staged by 45,000 Africans around Johannesburg. On the other hand, parliamentary affairs can be expected only to increase this tension. For instance, the poll tax is to be increased for African men on the plea that it is required to finance African development, especially in education. In practice, this means that Africans will be specially taxed for their own services, and less money devoted to them from general revenue. But the centre of parliamentary controversy will undoubtedly be fixed upon the new bill to establish apartheid in the universities. At present there are two "open" universities, Cape Town and Witwatersrand. Natal also admits Non-Europeans, but in segregated classes. The new bill, whilst ostensibly providing for the building of separate Non-European universities, is clearly designed to force Cape Town and Witwatersrand to close their doors to Non-Europeans. This policy is strongly opposed by the staffs and students of both centres. Little action can be expected from the effete opposition, now, even under its new leader, Sir de Villiers Graaf, more concerned to escape from the charge of being pro-African than to show principled opposition to the government's policies. The issue may well test the strength of liberal courage and organisation in the Union, and challenge international academic values.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

Symbolic Debate

Our Paris Correspondent writes: It was easy for the opponents of the "common market" and of "little Europe" to move the debate—which began last week in the Assembly—away from the technical details to broader political issues. There was no good reason why the government should give priority to this subject, on the eve of the U.N. debate on Algeria and at a moment when France is threatened by serious economic difficulties. There is no urgency about the matter, because the treaty is still under negotiation and its principal clauses are not so far decided. The haste shown by M. Mollet can only be explained by his desire to patch things up with the M.R.P. and with the "European" right, and by his intention to divert public attention from the real problems of the day. But although the point of this manœuvre was obvious, no one troubled to expose it. The project of the "common market" is so extraordinarily obscure that any discussion of its technical aspects is sufficient to arouse genuine doubts and anxieties among the French. M. Mendès-France, who is at his best in economic argument, completely destroyed the flimsy edifice raised by M. Mollet.

The "common market" is to be achieved by stages in the next 15 years, and the first step is to consist of a customs union which would permit the free circulation of people and products between the six interested countries. A supra-national agency will be charged with controlling this operation. What will this mean for France? First of all, the arrival of large numbers of foreign labourers, who will accept low wages. For, while France has had years of full employment, the same is not the case with the other partners in "little Europe," especially Italy and Germany.

Mendès-France was equally gloomy about the dangers of suppressing import-duties and tariffs. Of the six countries, France has the highest taxation and social insurance charges, both of which are heavily reflected in the prices of French products. Even as things stood, he argued, the customs union would seriously damage France's high-cost industry; and the discrepancy between French and foreign prices might well increase over the transitional period. "We would not have the right," he said, "to increase either export subsidies or taxes on imported goods. And once the transitional period was over we would be forced to submit to the authority of a supranational court, which would simply tell us to devalue the franc—and so lower our standard of living." From several points of view, therefore, the French workers would suffer. Nor, he added, was this all. The common market, as at present envisaged, was based purely and simply on the free play of economic forces; it contained no element of planning. Its author presumably wished to force each country to specialise in the products for which it was best adapted; but to attain this end they relied exclusively on *laissez-faire* methods. Could any Socialist—even M. Mollet—be content to place such trust in the virtues in the "market," just because it was called European? Finally, the common market would open up French Africa to exports, both of goods and capital, from the other five countries; but they would not be asked to contribute, in return, to the defence, administration and development of these territories. France, in short, would pay for the overheads and the other five would reap the profits.

In the course of the debate it seemed that even right-wing deputies were impressed by M. Mendès-France's criticism of the common market. But as no one wishes to overthrow the government, and as everybody knows that this debate was purely symbolic and that anyhow before the ratification of the treaty the Assembly will have plenty of opportunity to have second thoughts, M. Mollet got a comfortable majority.

Shanghai

Dancing Youth

A Correspondent writes: Recent comments in the Chinese press show that despite exhortation and indoctrination, there are still young men and women who want "bourgeois" recreation. Life in Shanghai, that one-time centre of bourgeois vice, seems still to elude the puritanical eyes of the party. "Unrestrained dance party activities have now developed into a social problem" the Shanghai *Hsin Wen Jih Pao* wrote on November 28. A new note of disapproval has now crept into press comment: "Juvenile delinquents, rascals, underground dance hostesses and pickpockets." These young enemies of Communist society show their ugly faces in all kinds of gatherings. One party, organised by a machine factory, sounds like rock and roll; "On the crowded floor, underground dance hostesses, clad in provocative and queer attire, rubbed shoulders with nearly 100 juvenile delinquents of both sexes in fancy dress and rocking in steps commonly done by American sailors." And "even the athletic club and the Sino-Soviet Friendship building have held similar functions." The Trade Union of the Shanghai Broadcasting Supplies factory "sponsored three consecutive dance parties on National Day and the following days." A spokesman of the Shanghai Municipal Public Security Bureau told the press recently (*Chieh Fang Jih Pao*) that "through the negligence of ideological education work on the part of factories and trade unions as well as inadequate influence of school and home coupled with the lure of the scum of society, a number of young factory workers and students had been exposed to the corrosion of capitalist concepts."

Such a youth was Ko Cheng-yu (*Hsin Wen Jih Pao*). A young stevedore worker, 25 years old, Ko had worked hard, "had simple habits and acquired culture the hard way." But after a promotion he had more money to spend and he slowed down his pace of work and drifted. He "got acquainted with two girl friends and started drifting away from his wife whom he now considered too plain looking. In January this year, Ko helped himself to preserved shrimp and grape wine stored in the godown and even took out some to give to his girl friends." He became bolder and stole cloth, rubber soled shoes, clocks, towel and shirt. He was duly charged and penitently admitted the influence of "bad friends." A comrade of his branch at the stevedore area stated regretfully: "In the past we watched only his record but not his ideological and private life. We have not tried to educate him in time. We have therefore gained this lesson; strengthen ideological leadership, show concern over the private life of others: these two things are the most important." The solution for these problems, wrote *Hsin Wen Jih Pao*, is "greater attention by the ideological leadership to the recreational activity of workers and staff. They should plan and organise more activities conducive to the wholesome recreation of the masses." The young men and women who turn the ballroom into "a jumble of swaying and wriggling bodies" may perhaps be reacting against too much organisation of their private lives.

Lagos

Zik's Bank

A Correspondent writes: The danger of mixing financial and political power is not appreciated in West Africa, and the report of the tribunal set up to investigate the conduct of Dr. Azikiwe and his associates in the Eastern Region of Nigeria has had a completely different reception in West Africa from the reactions in London. The Premier of the Eastern Region is shown to have kept his hand on the helm of his business enterprises, including the African Continental Bank, since he took office. His government has invested large sums of public money in the bank, and by so doing saved it from insolvency. As a result Dr. Azikiwe has been able to support his political power through his business and financial interests. On the other side, his political policy in relation to depositing public money has furthered his commercial interests.

To most West Africans there is nothing strange or culpable in this. There are so few outstanding leaders as yet that it seems natural for one man to be both the chief politician and the leading figure in the business world. Certainly Azikiwe is considered by most of the Ibos—themselves steeped in commercial tradition—to be the father of the Eastern Nigerian nation, and thus responsible for both its political and economic development. The mass of the people will be impressed by the admission of the tribunal that the Premier's primary motive was to establish an African bank, thus breaking the monopoly of white banking.

Lennox-Boyd himself gave Dr. Azikiwe an escape route when he allowed the inquiry to be turned into a political exercise, forced by the charges of the Eastern Nigerian Opposition. From that moment the findings of the tribunal were bound to be ignored by the National Council of Nigeria and the Cameroons, and Zik was certain to present the whole inquiry as another attempt of British imperialism to stave off Nigerian independence. But reactions outside the Eastern Region are different. It is recognised that there is a need for a central bank to control Nigerian finance, and well known that British banking interests opposed its establishment. To this extent there will be some sympathy for Zik. Two points, however, profoundly worry the leaders of the other regions. In the first place, it is recognised that these revelations may be disastrous to the attractions of West Africa for overseas investment, for United Kingdom grants, and for the recruitment of white civil servants, other than those tempted by private profit. In the second, both Dr. Awolowo and the Sardauna of Sokoto may hesitate to agree to sit with him at the Nigerian constitutional conference.

Tirana

Paradise for Stalinists

A Correspondent writes: The off-hand manner in which the Albanian government has just expelled the first secretary of the Yugoslav legation in Tirana is the latest landmark in the progressively deteriorating relations between the two countries. No matter how aggressive the speeches and actions of Albania's puppet rulers—first party secretary Enver Hoxha, a former teacher of

French, and Premier Mehmet Shehu, a former pupil of the Frunze Military Academy in Moscow—they would command little attention were it not for the fact that their voices mechanically repeat the Moscow line. For Moscow has a closer relationship with Tirana than with any other satellite.

Though the Albanian C.P. was created by the Yugoslavs in 1948 it was the first to sever relations with Belgrade, though this meant disaster for the Albanian economy. Hoxha and Shehu outdid all other Communists in praise for Stalin—alive and dead. When he died, they assembled the population of Tirana, obliged it to kneel and take a two-thousand-word oath of allegiance to the memory of the "greatest and most enlightened genius of our times, the glorious architect of Socialism and Communism . . . the great, generous and valiant heart which beat and fought to the end for the peace, freedom and happiness of mankind."

Apart from a few half-hearted apologies, Hoxha emphatically refused to woo Tito and even less to give him satisfaction. At last year's party congress he openly defied Belgrade by declaring that there will be no rehabilitation for the Albanian Titoists, including the late Minister of the Interior and party secretary, Koci Xoxe—the first victim of the anti-Tito show trials. Since the congress, relations between Belgrade and Tirana were increasingly poisoned. Events in Poland and Hungary were a godsend for Hoxha. On November 4, *Pravda* opened its columns for what was the first open attack against the authors of the "different roads to Socialism" theory, who thus denied Russia's right to lead the Socialist camp. On November 7, Hoxha amplified his indirect attacks on "Titoism." "Bandit Nagy" offered him the first target. "Fascist bands and Horthy officers," he declared, "organised by American imperialists massacred Hungarian Communists." Then came Tito's speech at Pula, and his contemptuous remarks about Hoxha, whom he singled out as a Stalinist nincompoop who went on "repeating the words Marxist-Leninism" without understanding their meaning. Immediately Hoxha replied with a fierce attack on Tito in *Zeri i Populit*, the party daily. A week later, Hoxha executed Petar Bulatovic—the only Yugoslav who had fought in the Albanian resistance movement during the war and who did not leave Albania after the 1948 schism.

Westminster

Dignity and Imprudence

During the last few months of the old year, the House of Commons had been what it was meant to be, the forum of the nation. When it resumed the session this week, it was the forum of nothing but itself. Tuesday might have been an occasion; for this was the day when the new government, and especially the new Prime Minister, would make their first parliamentary appearance. The galleries were packed and the Central Lobby looked like Euston Hall in the Christmas rush. Delegations from all over the country crowded in to plead for much-needed changes in the Rents Bill. They chose the wrong day for winning attention, and might as well have been at the pictures.

The frivolous mood of the House showed itself in the first few minutes. The government front bench was almost empty. Perhaps ministers were resting from the exhaustions of the electoral battle at Church House. Or perhaps they were waiting to make their entrances one by one like prima donnas at a concert. Either way, that subtle fencer, Mr. Henry Brooke, the new Minister of Housing and Local Government, and his new Parliamentary Secretary, Mr. J. R. Bevins, were left alone to plough through their 25 questions. Most of their answers were treated with flippancy. When, in answering only his second question, Mr. Brooke received a sharp thrust from a supporter, Dame Irene Ward, he was immediately pressed to resign and his subsequent dissertation on sewage was deliberately misheard as Suez. Most members were well pleased with this level of humour, but some were less pleased when colleagues refused to deny themselves the hope of publicity, even for one day, and ground out supplementaries to every question, whether important or not. Since 45 questions had to be disposed of before the House could have a chance to examine the Prime Minister, we began to watch the clock, ticking inexorably towards half-past three, and to groan when each successive questioner struggled for a mention in his local paper. In the end, Mr. Macmillan, who received about the same warmth of welcome from the government side as Mr. Butler had received from the opposition, was left with five minutes for his 23 questions and was able to answer only three of them.

Thereafter, the House, almost inconceivably, devoted itself to eulogies of Sir Anthony Eden. It is probable that almost everyone in the House, though genuinely sorry that Sir Anthony should be ill, is relieved that he is no longer Prime Minister. He will probably be summed up as one of the worst prime ministers in British history. In these circumstances, the decent thing, I would have thought, was to let him go in peaceful silence. Instead, members bathed themselves in their own magnanimity.

Then, glowing with self-righteousness, they turned to the protection of their own privileges. Though inevitably imperfect, the House is probably the greatest democratic institution yet evolved by man. This institution has lately been pinpricked by the *Sunday Express*, a readable amalgam of society gossip and political malice edited by Mr. John Junor, who apparently omitted the elementary journalistic precaution of checking alleged facts before printing them. I know no one who takes this newspaper's politics seriously—unless it be that simpleton *emeritus*, Mr. John Gordon. Yet the House of Commons feels that its position is so threatened by the ill-formed comments of the *Sunday Express* about members' petrol rations, that it summons Mr. John Junor to the bar. Having done that, it is then compelled to take notice of equally injudicious comments by Mrs. Stocks on the air and also by some Liberal candidate in a Romford newspaper. Why were these two serious commentators unaware of the difference between the extravagant allocation to some constituency parties and the meagre extra ration given to most M.P.s? But if M.P.s were to invoke privilege over every silly, malicious or untrue criticism the only effect would be to make public house references to politicians even more slanderous than they are already.

Clearly the House of Commons cannot always be as earnest and intense as it was during the Suez crisis. It cannot always, in its greatest manner, be speaking for Britain. But if its members could be less concerned with their own personal dignity and position and more conscious of the real, deep-rooted dignity which the House has won for itself through the centuries and which it still fully possesses, they might spend more time in removing inefficiencies and meaningless conventions which still hamper Parliament in its conduct of public business and less time on the almost hopeless task of raising Mr. Junor to a position of significance.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

". . . and now we can still be friends"

Reports from the Middle East

Israel

Deadlock in Gaza

Barbara Castle cables from Tel Aviv: This week, as the last hours of the U.N. ultimatum expire with Israeli troops still occupying Sharm-e-Sheikh and the Gaza strip, a member of Ben-Gurion's personal staff formulated the Israeli position to me in this way: "Israel has no desire to annex the Gaza strip or remain permanently in the coastal strip along the Gulf of Aqaba. But the Gaza strip was the major base for *fedayeen* attacks and Israel cannot accept the restoration of that base. As regards the Gulf of Aqaba, Egypt has declared that it will continue to bar shipping from the Port of Eilat despite two recent U.N. resolutions—those of October 13 and November 2. Since the blockade was lifted on November 3 by the Israeli Army, the Gulf of Aqaba has been free to all ships, including Arab shipping. Israel cannot leave this coastal strip, which holds the key to free movement in and out of Eilat, before she receives appropriate guarantees for this freedom. Israel considers that such guarantees might be, first, the stationing of United Nations troops along the coastal strip with a clearly defined duty to safeguard freedom of shipping and to remain until a permanent settlement is reached. To station United Nations troops without such a proviso would merely open the way for the immediate return of the Egyptians and the restoration of the former blockade. Secondly, a pact guaranteeing freedom of international shipping through the Gulf should be signed by the four Riparian states —Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Egypt and Israel. Thirdly, there must be an effective guarantee by the great powers that no blockade of the Gulf will be tolerated."

The official went on: "A mere resolution by the U.N. on freedom of shipping would be unacceptable since earlier resolutions of this kind did not stop Egypt from excluding Israeli ships from the Suez Canal and the Gulf of Aqaba. As far as Gaza is concerned, this was never part of Egypt, and Egypt should not be allowed to reoccupy the strip. Since 1948, Egyptian occupation has done nothing in the Gaza strip except develop it as a *fedayeen* base. Israelis consider that the occupation of Gaza by U.N. forces would be no answer to the Gaza problem, since the U.N. units are by nature a temporary force which is powerless to prevent the renewal of *fedayeen* activities. It is not practically possible, moreover, to maintain the strip in economic isolation from the adjoining territory. Existing calm and order, opportunities of economic progress and hope for a solution of the refugee problem depend on a continuation of the present administrative process, working in co-operation with the local population and Unrwa, and in suitable relation with the U.N. Israel is prepared to arrange such a relationship between its administration in Gaza and the U.N., but it insists that security should remain in the hands of the Israeli police force."

Behind all this lies a nation-wide determination to hold out for satisfactory guarantees. All sections of Israeli opinion, whether in the Histadruth hierarchy, the Foreign Office or the Knesset, agree that it is better to face isolation or even sanctions than to return to the old paralysis. Opinion in the Knesset, which is debating U.N. developments this week, is that Ben-Gurion would face a revolt of public opinion if he gave up Israel's hard-won positions without a protracted fight. On sanctions the argument runs like this: "Which is worse? Austerity now to enforce the demand for guarantees, or worse austerity later, after a surrender to the U.N. without any assurance of future security?" This attitude is not based on a frivolous underestimate of sanctions. Israel is now enduring sanctions from both East and West. Russia, by stopping oil shipments, has deprived Israel of about 30 per cent. of her supplies. And American disapproval has been shown equally sharply. Technical assistance has been suspended, and it is almost impossible for the Americans—unless they are journalists—to get passport clearance for Israel. The effect on development schemes is already evident. Outside Tel Aviv, a bridge being built over the Yarkon river did carry a sign "American-Israel joint project." It now reads simply "Works Department." Yet the foretaste of American disfavour has not shifted the public from its stubborn belief that anything is better than a drift back to the old uncertainty. Part of the reason is, perhaps, the continuing hope that the U.N. will ultimately stop short of bullying Israel into suicide.

Syria

The Uneasy "Satellite"

A Correspondent writes: How much war material is Syria getting from behind the Iron Curtain? This is not an easy question to answer; Syria is 100,000 square miles in area, and outside Damascus and Aleppo restrictions on movement are severe. It took the U.S. embassy three months to negotiate the admission to the Latakia port area of two agricultural scientists, whose services had actually been requested by the government. But though the roads leading to the coast may be sealed, the supply of news is not. There seems little doubt that two Soviet ships have anchored in Latakia in the last month, one with heavy artillery, the other with light equipment. The Syrians do not deny that they are receiving Russian arms, and they admit that President Kuwatly signed an arms agreement in Moscow last November.

Realising the economic danger of a complete western boycott, Syrian leaders are anxious to explain the real position. The present government is an assortment of parties and individuals committed to the policy of "neutralism"—a word which, in the Syrian context, has no resemblance to Mr. Nehru's definition. It means in Syria—and in much of the Middle East—playing one power bloc off against the other to the greatest Arab advantage. It is not even a government "of the left." One of its most prominent members, the Minister of Defence, is probably the richest man and the largest landowner in the country. Twenty years ago the French spent two million Syrian pounds in procuring his election to the Assembly and then made him Prime Minister. Now he is working hard to purge the taint of "collaboration," and to save his landed estates by identifying himself with Al Baath's programme of agrarian reform.

Al Baath, the Arab Socialist Resurgence Party, has only two ministers in the Cabinet but its power is best illustrated by the key positions which they hold—the Foreign Office and the Ministry of Economic Affairs. With a bloc of 15 M.P.s and widespread influence among Army officers, Al Baath is undoubtedly the dominant factor in Syria. The party's power depends largely on the Army's support, and it is reliably said that its eight M.P.s elected for rural constituencies owe their position to the favour of local military commanders.

Sabri-el-Assali's present Cabinet can count on the support of 69 votes in an Assembly of 130. To the casual eye this may not seem a secure majority but some regard must be had to the present mass treason trial taking place in Damascus. Seven M.P.s of assorted parties are facing capital charges. Among them are Michel Elian, the leader of the Nationalist Party and the leading figure in Aleppo, and Hassan Al-Atrash and Heil Srur, two M.P.s of the Druse minority. If the trial results in convictions—and few can doubt that it will—the opposition in the Assembly will be leaderless and crushed. The trial has been cunningly centred on the personality of ex-President Shishakly, the former dictator undoubtedly universally detested. Now comfortably in Paris, living on an annuity from King Saud, Shishakly has long been planning to re-enter the Syrian political scene. His brother, also accused, has been travelling backwards and forwards between France and Lebanon, and about 18 months ago Shishakly himself spent three days incognito in Beirut. Whether such a wily politician would ever commit the political fatuity of which he is accused is doubtful. No Arab politician with a grain of sense would ally himself with France and Britain in order to reach power. And it is on the record that not so long ago Shishakly refused a bribe of two million Iraqi dinars to bring about the union of Syria with Iraq. But that Shishakly wants power there is little doubt, nor that, while passing through the labyrinth of Arab politics, he has left behind some incriminating evidence.

When the trial is over there will be only one effective party outside the government—the Communists. Led by Bekdache, a Moscow-trained M.P., the party's influence is due not to its numbers but to the key positions its members hold. The chief press censor, Major Kassav Hassar, was able to ensure that not one word unfavourable to the Hungarian Kadar regime has ever appeared in the Syrian press. The controller of broadcasting has been no less effective. But the Communists hold no position in the government, and if reliable reports of their instructions from Moscow are correct, they will not seek to. Their policy, at least until further orders, is to lie low and support Al Baath. The leaders of Al Baath confidently assert that they can use Bekdache and his followers to their own advantage. But those who know Aflaq and Horani, the Baath leaders, and Bekdache have few illusions about who is wheedling whom.

Since Colonel Abdul Hamid Saraj, the head of the Intelligence Bureau, has received so much attention in the Western press, some account must be given of his position. That it is very powerful there is no doubt; he has managed to have removed from command a number of more senior officers. But he is not a Communist, nor is he a leading political figure. He is just the most important of the officers who obey the instructions of Al Baath.

Where does Syria go from here? Recently she seemed condemned to an economic breakdown. But now she has a Soviet tanker to carry her crude oil down from the tanks at Banyas to be refined in Tripoli. She will get the petrol which she needs. If her government is shrewd enough to allow the I.P.C. to pump a trickle of oil from T.1 pumping station in Iraq she will be able to get enough foreign currency. Despite large arid wastes, the country is probably the most fertile in the Middle East, with large exportable surpluses of grain and cotton. Syria is going to play an increasingly important part in Arab affairs. If the western powers have any sense they will hesitate a long time before writing her off as a Soviet satellite.

Mr. Chou Stays to Dinner

THE little boy who warned his mother against giving him any more brothers and sisters because his teacher had said that every fourth child in the world is a Chinese had grasped the central fact of world politics today. For the first time since the Han dynasty two thousand years ago, China is united; for the first time in history its industrious, disciplined and intelligent people have been given direction and purpose by an uncorrupt, efficient and zealous government.

This immense change has taken place in an incredibly short space of time. Only ten years ago the United States regarded China as a profitable sphere of commercial penetration. Russia was as surprised as any other power when the Chinese Communist armies, capturing the nationalist and revolutionary mood of the peasantry, swept the western powers and the Kuomintang out of the country. Five years later, Communist China had proved its military strength in Korea and seemed on the brink of world war over Formosa. At Bandung Mr. Chou En-lai, the smoothest operator in world politics, proclaimed his decision to wait for Formosa to fall peacefully into Peking's hands, reassured his Asian neighbours by the "five principles" of co-existence and removed their fears that overseas Chinese would be used for disruption. At the Geneva Conference, Mr. Chou En-lai had already entered the centre of the world stage. After a royal tour, in Vietnam, Cambodia, India and Burma, he has finally made it clear in Moscow and Warsaw that he has been called in to redress the balance of the Communist world which has suffered a setback in Hungary and is challenged in the Middle East by the Eisenhower doctrine. Chou En-lai has joined with the Soviet Union in a counter-threat to America; he blesses Russian repression in Hungary and seeks to "stabilise" the Gomulka regime in Poland.

No one should be deceived by the honeyed politeness with which Mr. Chou En-lai always refers to the Soviet leadership of the Communist bloc. In 1957 no one, even in the State Department or the U.S. Senate, will talk about Peking as a satellite of Moscow. Mr. Eisenhower is clearly aware of the facts when he declares that America would regard the arrival of either Chinese or Soviet "volunteers" in the Middle East as aggression. He is also clearly aware of the limits of possible American action when he adds that the aggression would only begin if use were made of a Communist base in an Arab country. In the short run at least this is not a threat that America is likely to have to make good, for Mr. Chou En-lai intends, not war but penetration, in an area where western intervention in Suez has made the population singularly open to Communist offers of economic and political support.

If Mr. Chou En-lai has taken advantage of the western world's confusion, he has also embarrassed Mr. Nehru's plans for increasing the non-committed area of the world. The Chinese Premier offers the five principles of co-existence to India and to all other non-committed countries. But those who are less able to defend themselves or more hostile to the West than India are now increasingly likely, as the Irishman said, to be neutral on the Communist side. Thus the arrival of this astute leader of the most numerous and capable people in the world transforms the political scene. It bolsters up the sagging influence of Moscow, and makes it more difficult for backward areas to be genuinely uncommitted. Mr. Chou En-lai is a visitor to the western world who has come to stay.

The Bureaucrats of King Street

(By a Special Correspondent)

AFTER a troubled year, the handful of men who control the Communist Party in this country are beginning to re-establish the familiar habits of party discipline. They have, it is true, been badly shaken. Several hundred members have formally left the party and no one yet knows how many more have quietly failed to take out new membership cards. King Street has faced a storm of protest, which began after the Krushchev secret speech and reached a climax when the Russians suppressed the Hungarian revolution; the *Daily Worker*, having lost some of its best staff members, is making "extra efforts" to save the paper financially; and a special party congress has been called for Easter to "pronounce decisively" on demands for far-reaching changes. But, for all the letters of protest which have been published by fits and starts in party publications, for all the uneasiness which has been expressed at party meetings, it seems that John Gollan and his associates are weathering the storm. An "opposition" remains to fight out these issues at the coming party congress, but the party leadership no longer seems in any danger.

The full-time bureaucrats who dominate the party are now much more confident that they have defeated "factionalism," and this confidence shows clearly in a report which is to be presented to the party congress. This report, on "Inner-Party Democracy," is the work of a special commission set up last summer. Of its 15 members ten were full-time employees of the party. It considered memoranda submitted by individuals and by branches, but it did not receive oral evidence nor did it review any specific cases where "inner-party democracy" in fact meant the tame acceptance of a "line" which later proved false and damaging. It did not examine, for instance, the attitude towards Yugoslavia in 1948, the reasons for the "cult of personality," or the party attitude to events in Hungary. When a minority on this commission asked for a review of these questions, it was simply told that this "would take too long." Even more strange was the absence of any evidence from the present or past general secretaries, apart from a letter by John Gollan on the subject of branch resolutions. No information, moreover, was sought from the editors of the party publications—a strange omission since much of the report is taken up by an abstract discussion of the rights of minorities in the party to have their views published in the party press.

It is scarcely surprising that the majority of the commission has decided that there is nothing seriously wrong with either the principles or the practice of "democratic centralism." Some changes are proposed, and party members are urged to work the machinery of discussion and policy-making more effectively. But the substance of the report, as the three signatories to the minority report accurately comment, "will perpetuate the bureaucratic centralism that has had such disastrous results in eastern Europe."

If ever there was a chance for British Communists to reform their organisation and purge the Stalinists, it has now been lost. After the 20th Congress, it was just possible that the dissidents within the Communist Party might gain sufficient strength—though the cards were stacked heavily against them—to change the policy and leadership, to work out some limited and acceptable place for an organised Marxist group, and to undo a generation of falsehood, dogmatism and bureaucratic stupidity. Such a change would have demanded a thorough-going examination both of the past record of the Communist Party—especially its relations with the Soviet Communist Party—and of the mixture of romanticism and mechanical Leninism which it has passed off as "Marxism." In particular, such a review would have asked how far the failures and even the crimes of the Communist Parties have been due to the concept of democratic centralism.

It is something of this kind that was sought by the minority group on this commission, and by the elements in the party which broadly support their view. But they have been answered by a document which belongs in sense and substance to the Stalinist mythology: the minority report, in fact, will not even be presented to the party congress as an official congress document. A closer reading explains why: the minority has raised too many pertinent and unanswerable questions. As the minority members show, if the crucial party rules (12 and 13) mean anything, they mean that at all times the decisions of higher party organisations are binding on those beneath them, and that those who hold a minority view are obliged actively to "fight for the line" in every subordinate committee. It is not necessary to make a detailed analysis of what then happens to show that, whatever nominal safeguards there may be for policy discussion, control rests effectively at the centre. This centre, between party congresses, is the executive committee. At least, that is the theory. But in fact control is held by the political committee which, as the minority report says, "appears to wield very large powers, which are nowhere defined": it actually controls the party press, selects the new executive committee by the "panel" method, supervises the party organisation, and makes policy decisions. All its members are full-time employees, and its meeting time on Thursday mornings is so arranged as to prevent industrial workers, professional people or union officials belonging to it even if they wished. The failure of this commission even to consider the composition and role of this inner bureaucratic group makes nonsense of all the thousands of arid words which pay lip-service to "party democracy." The political committee runs the party, and every Communist knows this.

The uncritical loyalty of the full-time functionaries to ideas and methods which have done bad service for a generation is revealed by a single incident. When they considered the famous recantations which Harry Pollitt and J. R. Campbell were induced to publish after they had originally supported the war in 1939, they took the view that "even if Pollitt and Campbell did not really believe that they were wrong, it was more important to preserve the unity of the party by confessing to error than to divide the party by continuing to fight for their point of view." No wonder that the minority say: "One reason why Communists are suspected of being dishonest is because they sometimes appear to be putting over a 'line' in which they have no sincere belief." That is the price of bureaucratic centralism. If Gomulka had taken the view expressed by such "loyalists" as Emile Burns, James

Klugmann and John Mahon there would have been no "Polish solution."

This is not the place to consider the processes of self-deception and political casuistry whereby members of the Communist Party can convince themselves that their leadership is almost always right. This is a free country, and no one need belong to the Communist Party for reasons of fear or preferment. Those who still remain loyal do so with the evidence before them that they are the willing followers of a small rigidly-minded group of functionaries who are steadily reducing their organisation to a sect. Not one of the arguments by which some Communists still try to maintain the need for a separate Leninist party is really valid. Consider only the utter confusion of its ideas about electoral policy, of its alternating insistence on "building a mass party" and on a "hard core." Apart from its fractional work in the trade unions—and even here its claim to a monopoly of militancy is false—the British C.P. plays a tiny part in our politics. There should be a place in the Labour movement where Marxists can express their views, but there is no useful place for a party based upon the peculiar form of Marxism which fitted the conditions of Tsarist Russia. This report should bring that home to party members who still believe that the Communist Party can be saved from its discredited bosses. They should ask themselves what they would do with the party even if they should prevent it from becoming little more than the indoor relief department of committed Stalinists. And the honest answer would be that they would wind it up.

London Diary

"Frivolous" is Mr. Mallalieu's word for the behaviour of the House of Commons when it reassembled this week. "All the tension has gone," said another M.P. to me, confirming this judgment from another angle. "The Tories want to change the subject and Labour is tired of shouting about the past; they all know that their future quarrels will be about paying the bill for the Suez folly." To forget the past is obviously the new Prime Minister's cue; his success in getting Julian Amery and Sir Edward Boyle to serve in the same government is a workman-like attempt to repair at least one hole in the party cloth. Sir Edward Boyle's position is odd. He accepted office on the understanding that he would publicly state that he had not changed his mind about the Suez policy on which he resigned. He has done so, but added, I should have thought inconsistently, that he fully agreed with Mr. Macmillan's broadcast—although it included a defence of the Suez policy. Some people, who interpreted the new administration as a government of all the Tory talents (in spite of its predominantly right-wing and anti-Butlerite character), expected to see Sir Robert Boothby's name in it, especially because of his long interest in the problems connected with the European "common market." My guess is that the real reason that Sir Robert is still without an official job is that he is so great a television figure. If you make a highly individual pronouncement on public affairs before some millions of people every week, you are unlikely to be chosen as a member of a government whose members intend to say the same thing (for a change) and find, when they turn up at local party meetings, that only a handful of people are there to listen to them.

I was present the other day at a meeting of influential people on the subject of Cyprus. Three things struck me. First the absolute certainty expressed by spokesmen of the Cypriots that no constitution would be accepted except after negotiation with Makarios, preferably in London. Secondly that ministerial talk about "partition" to satisfy the Turks is egregious nonsense. The third point, that few people still seem to be willing to face, is that the Cypriots only talk about self-government because they want Enosis, and that therefore a discussion of the Radcliffe constitution is inseparable from the demand for a *date* for "self-determination." One speaker, with knowledge of current Tory gossip, suggested that the whole scene might be dramatically changed because the invasion of Egypt had proved that Cyprus could not be used as a base for any large-scale Middle East operation. All talk of its strategic importance now sounds like poppycock. In that case he thought the Tories might soon get tired of the murder and counter-murder in Cyprus and be ready to evacuate as they did from Palestine.

* * *

Just how badly have the Jews been treated in Egypt, and how far is their persecution to be explained by the Israeli war? Accounts in the press have not been complete or wholly convincing. As the result of a careful inquiry I have learned the following facts. The number of Jews of all kinds in Egypt before the events of the last three months was 55,000. About 10,000 of these were Egyptians, 30,000 stateless, and 15,000 foreign Jews. About 1,000—the figures are obviously no more than approximations—have been imprisoned, some 6,000 have been expelled, and 2,000 have already made their way to Israel. Jewish property worth about half a million pounds has been "frozen"; some 500 family properties have been taken over by the state with the right, temporarily at least, for the heads of the families to withdraw about £75 a month; others on a black list cannot draw money from the banks and cannot sell their property. There are still others who may draw as much as £200 a month. All Jewish officials in big business houses and companies have been dismissed—with the exception of a few who have been given indefinite leave without salary. In some cases, where Jews in key jobs have been recalled, Egyptians have been set to work with them so that they can be replaced before long. Merchants and members of smaller business houses, whose businesses have not actually been confiscated, cannot get import facilities, and are well aware that they will before long be squeezed out. The only possible conclusion is that Nasser intends to make life in Egypt impossible for all Jewish people, whether they can claim long residence or have been thrown out of Europe or have foreign nationality. The majority, I suppose, are likely to find their way to Israel.

* * *

The Pakistanis are supporting their case about Kashmir before the United Nations by two letters which will make many friends of India uneasy. The first is from Nehru's close friend, Sheik Abdullah, who had been Prime Minister of Kashmir for five years when he was imprisoned after the *coup d'état* in August, 1953. His letter, dated August last year, is addressed to the President of the Constituent Assembly at Srinagar. It questions the competence of this body to incorporate Kashmir within the Indian Union without a plebiscite, and it bitterly complains that he was himself lawlessly imprisoned and given no opportunity of answering any charges made against him. He makes allegations of Indian violence in Kashmir. I do not know what evidence there is to support these charges; they have clearly reached Sheik Abdullah from people who want to make the worst possible case against the Congress Government. But the allegations need investigation. Many of them are upheld in a pamphlet containing a series of letters written by Miss Mridula Sarabhai, who was a former member of the Gandhi Ashram, and at one time Nehru's Assistant Secretary-General of the All-India Congress Committee. She denounces the existing Kashmir regime, its denial of civil liberties, and the way it came into power. They are published by the Azad Kashmir Government under the title of *Letters from Constitution House*. I cannot judge of their accuracy, but they are unhappy reading and deserve a serious reply.

* * *

The comprehensive supplement by C. H. Rolph which is to appear next week in this journal deals in a new way with our prisons, the prisoners in them, and the problem of what to do with them when they are freed. It takes the form of an open letter to Mr. R. A. Butler, the new Home Secretary, who has a chance of carrying out practical and urgent reforms which his predecessors have neglected. It is an expert affair, based on long and careful inquiry, and it includes the results of interviews with experienced prison governors whose views have never before been stated in public. It is a considered and detailed programme of reform, a blue-print for everyone interested in prison reform and after-care. Rolph compares English prison conditions, not always to their disadvantage, with those in other countries, and he has also inquired, with rather surprising results, into the commonly heard complaint that it is the trade unions which are mainly responsible for the difficulty of finding work for ex-prisoners. It must be unique for a journal of this kind to have a former chief inspector of police on its staff. I can safely call this supplement an "inside job."

* * *

A man and his wife are, for many legal purposes, only one person. They can't, for instance, be convicted of a criminal conspiracy together. When this comes to be applied in a Commonwealth country where English law rubs shoulders with Moslem matrimonial custom, how many wives can a man safely conspire with? No limit, said the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council last week. An African subject and his wife belonging to a Mohammedan community and living at Dar-es-Salaam, in Tanganyika, had been given twelve months' imprisonment each by an African Court for conspiring together to defeat the ends of justice—they had concealed a clock that the police were trying to find. The man had only the one wife, but the law regarded him as a beginner: he was a "potential polygamist." The couple appealed unsuccessfully in the African Courts, but at last got their case before the Privy Council in Downing Street. There it was held that "in the criminal law of Tanganyika the words husband and wife, if unqualified, are not restricted to monogamous unions," and that a marriage, however plural, cannot sustain a criminal conspiracy. A man with a hundred wives, then, could set up a powerful community outside the law? Not according to my legal friends. If all the spouses combined to commit criminal offences they might all find themselves faced with the quite different charge of "mutual incitement". I regard this with slight disappointment. I thought at first that the Privy Council had been able to show that there really was some advantage in having a lot of wives.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

On the radio I understood someone to say that Sir William Haley, Editor of *The Times*, and Bill Haley, of Rock 'n' Roll fame, were one and the same person. Is this true, because my husband and his friends doubt it?—Letter in *Weekend Mail*. (A. E. Davies.)

Seen at the Furniture Exhibition, Earls Court: a lampshade trimmed with mink.

"We have had a gratifyingly large number of orders," an attendant told me. "One person wanted the same thing done in ermine."—*News Chronicle*. (Margaret Davies.)

"Placing a fox's brush on a huntsman's coffin is an individual request, and not a widespread custom, but it is certainly no more 'pagan,' as the league protests, than the firing of a volley at an Army burial."—*The Times*. (T. B. Shepherd.)

How much longer must we read this sentimental nonsense relating to "Professor" Codman's Punch and Judy stall? . . . It is noticeable that the loudest applause is when the policeman gets beaten over the head, so I feel sure that were this possible breeding ground for young criminals abolished it would be no great loss to the community.—Letter to *Liverpool Echo*. (Elizabeth McCann.)

Motorist hit bus shelter. He had tuned into Eden Broadcast—Court Told.—Headlines in *Cambridge Daily News*. (M. Warner.)

Open Court

When the public attention is caught by a murder trial in which it appears that there may have been more than one victim, there is always some bewilderment and concern if the court allows mention of any deaths other than the one charged. The fact that it is the practice in this country to found a murder indictment upon one death only (a practice not judicially confirmed until the case of *R. v. Davis* in 1937) has fostered a popular belief that any other seemingly connected deaths must on no account be mentioned at the trial. (Most people remember that when John Halliday Christie was on trial for murdering one woman, it was he, and not the Crown, who insisted on talking about five others: "the more the merrier," said Christie, who wanted to be thought insane.) The law books go back to an Australian case of 1894 for the major principle that

> it is undoubtedly not competent for the prosecution to adduce evidence tending to show that the accused has been guilty of criminal acts other than those covered by the indictment, for the purpose of leading to the conclusion that he is a person likely, from his character or conduct, to have committed the offence for which he is being tried.

But there is an enormous list of exceptions to this rule, some of them statutory but most of them the product of judicial decisions at common law. They allow such evidence for the purpose of proving, not that the prisoner is "likely from his conduct or character," etc., but to prove (as in Straffen's case in 1952) that the prisoner *has committed* the particular crime now charged against him. It must often seem a tenuous difference in theory, but it is usually real enough in practice. Oddly enough, the basis for all the exceptions was established by the case that set up the major principle—*Makin v. Attorney General for New South Wales*.

> The mere fact (said Lord Herschell) that evidence adduced tends to show the commission of other crimes does not render it inadmissible if it be relevant to an issue before the jury; and it may be so relevant if it bears on the question whether the acts alleged to constitute the crime charged in the indictment were designed or accidental, or to rebut a defence which would be otherwise open to the accused.

But doubts persisted; and they were doubts of the identical kind that still trouble the ordinary man reading a murder trial in his newspaper. In 1918, Lord Sumner could still say (*R. v. Thompson*) that it did not tend to prove a man guilty of a particular crime to show that he was "that kind of man." But he thought that "sometimes, for one reason or another, evidence is admissible, notwithstanding that its general character is to show that the accused had in him the makings of a criminal: for example, in proving guilty knowledge, or intent, or system, or in rebutting an appearance of innocence which, unexplained, the facts might wear." Even in spite of this, it was still possible to get the issue before the House of Lords as recently as 1952, when their Lordships had to declare (*in R. v. Harris*) that the prosecution *could* adduce "all proper evidence tending to prove the charge against the prisoner, including evidence tending to show that he has been guilty of criminal acts other than those covered by the indictment, without waiting for him to set up a specific defence calling for rebuttal."

The trouble is that these extra-final decisions always relegate something to a kind of stop-press column, so that no one can ever be quite as clear as the Law Lords about what exactly was in their minds. "The mere theory," said the stop-press column in Thompson's case, "that a plea of not guilty puts everything material in issue is not enough for this purpose. The prosecution cannot credit the accused with fancy defences in order to rebut them at the outset with some damning piece of evidence"; which took us back to where we were in 1946 (*R. v. Sims*):

> Even though such evidence is strictly admissible, the Judge has a discretion to exclude it if its prejudicial effect to the prisoner would be out of all proportion to its evidential value.

This is the real point; and when, in the case against Dr. John Bodkin Adams at Eastbourne, his counsel objected to the prosecution's known plan to mention the deaths of persons not named in the charge, it was right and natural that he should ask, and be allowed, to make his objection *in camera*. The court was cleared; and so far from certainty is the law on this point that the argument about admissibility and "evidential value" went on for two hours, ending in the magistrates' decision that the other deaths might be relevant and were admissible. Now in view of the news items about the "Eastbourne inquiry" that have been appearing in the papers for at least six months, most people of reading age, including the twelve who, in due course, will have to form a jury to try the case impartially, must know about these other deaths. But once a man is on trial in respect of one of them, how is the purpose of justice served by the enormous publicity given to the much solider implications of the hearing in the magistrates' court?

It is one of the greatest oddities in the whole of English criminal procedure, that these inquiries by "examining magistrates" into indictable offences are held in "open court," and reported throughout the country for every potential juror to read. Its strangest aspect is that the law does not require the magistrates to do it at all. "Examining magistrates," says section 4 (2) of the Magistrates' Courts Act, 1952, "shall not be obliged to act in open court"; and, so far from being new in 1952, that was merely a re-enactment, in rather plainer terms, of a similar provision of 1848. True, there had always been jurists who found room for doubt as to the real meaning of the 1848 provision, and the 1952 one (remarks Stone's *Justices' Manual*) "settles doubts that have long been held." It is common knowledge that the jury's murder verdict against Alfred Arthur Rouse in 1930 was probably due to the fact that the whole doubtfully relevant story of his extra-marital amours, openly told in the magistrates' court, had occupied newspaper front pages for many days. Whether Rouse was guilty or not (and the *Law Journal* expressed grave doubts at the time), what chance did he really have of a hearing by an impartial jury? What is the use of telling a jury, as the judge had to do when he had ruled the Rouse amours to be inadmissible, that they must "expunge from their minds anything they have read in the newspapers about the case"?

In the current case against Dr. Adams, the magistrates availed themselves of their right to sit, *in camera* so that they could listen, and the press could not, to the arguments as to whether they could properly take into account any other deaths. They decided that they could, and the newspapers went to town on it. The decision is an anxious one. The popular hatred of "secret courts" has to be weighed against publicity for matters that may later have to be "expunged from jurors' minds."

Under a recent Act, the magistrates in Northern Ireland always examine indictable offences *in camera*, unless the accused person requests otherwise. An altruistic prisoner who takes the traditional view that filling the newspapers with crime is the "sanitation of public business," and who believes that his own case should be no exception, can demand that the proceedings be open and reported, no less than the prisoner who feels that "secrecy" may jeopardise his own claim to justice. Surely the demands of "open court" and "the fresh winds of publicity" are thus adequately conceded? The Northern Ireland system is in this respect more liberal even than the Scottish, where the preliminary inquiry is never public or reported. Why on earth are we so complacent in England in our belief that justice is best served by our methods?

C. H. Rolph

Ballade of Public Bores

I like to curse, before I go to bed,
The public nuisances which spoil my day,
Beginning with the papers I have read
(A satirist in search of something gay).
Macmillan's pep fills me with bleak dismay—
His bogus confidence I cannot share
(A walrus, posing as The-Stag-at-Bay)—
The Public Bores are getting in my hair.

Then Thorneycroft, who offers stones for bread
(Or clichés—an abominable trait)
And Dennis Vosper, who naïvely said
"We are not all Etonians." O.K.;
Some other public schools are on the way
(The Cravatocracy with Ties to wear).
Is black relieved by dullest shades of grey?
The Public Bores are getting in my hair.

Stalin, once God and then discredited
By Krushchev, Bacchic Commissar of Bray,
This bearded bore restores, and—bottle fed—
Lays tributes at the Monster's feet of clay. . . .
Who cares? As well expect that I should pay
To know why Nancy's not a millionaire.
But one last blast before I hit the hay
(*The Public Bores are getting in my hair*):

> Prince and Proud Poppa, I regret to say
> Your baby bores me too; I do not care
> What happens in your Ruritanian play:
> *The Public Bores are getting in my hair.*

Reginald Reynolds

What's good for Mr. Parsons

...is good for expanding industry

Now that he has retired, Mr. Parsons has all the time in the world to tend that precious garden. And everything in the garden is lovely—thanks to a pension secured through Life Assurance

Yet Mr. Parsons is not the only one to benefit. Money paid in premiums was invested by his Life Office, and much of it was used to provide vital development capital for British industry.

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Fleet Street Notebook

AT the last annual meeting of the Newspaper Society the retiring President, Mr. Malcolm Green of the *Wolverhampton Express and Star*, gloomily warned his fellow-provincial newspaper proprietors that if production costs continued to rise many of them might no longer be there when the next annual meeting took place. "Already," he said, "some newspapers have had to close down and it is feared that in the next 12 months more will follow suit."

Mr. Green's fears have already been justified. He spoke shortly after the death of the Manchester *Daily Dispatch* and the *Sunday Chronicle*. Since then the *Yorkshire Observer*, the *Birmingham Gazette* and the *Sussex Daily News* have all found it impossible to keep alive. Last week yet another name was added to the list of deceased—the 86-year-old *Glasgow Evening News*. Until this happened Glasgow was the last remaining city in the United Kingdom outside London to sustain three evening papers. Now there are no others, and the number of those that can support even two has grown woefully small. Of course the death of the *Glasgow Evening News* can be seen (and correctly seen), as part of a general newspaper malaise which bids fair to hand over all provincial newspaper readers to the tender mercies of monopolies; there are special circumstances connected with its death which have a particular interest. The *Evening News* is, in fact, a casualty in a newspaper war described by the chairman of the Outram Group (owners of the *Glasgow Herald*, the *Glasgow Bulletin* and the *Glasgow Evening Times*) which has put up most of the money for buying it up, as "a ruinous race" in which all Glasgow evening papers were losing money. Despite a circulation of just over 180,000 a day, getting on for double the average for provincial evening papers, the *Glasgow Evening News* had, in fact, been losing money at the rate of at least £3,000 a week for some considerable time. Its two competitors, Outram's *Evening Times*, with the largest evening circulation in the city, close on a quarter of a million, and the *Evening Citizen*, now wholly owned by the Beaverbrook Newspapers, with just over 200,000, have been losing lesser, but still substantial, amounts.

Even in these days circulations of this order could still, it might seem, be paying propositions. So they should. But Glasgow has been the scene of a suicidal circulation war. This fight seems to have been opened on the instructions of Lord Beaverbrook, whose passion for being top man made him allergic to ownership of any paper content to be second. In the ensuing battle for sales great amounts of money have been spent on promotion schemes, and heavy losses made by everyone involved, with no appreciable effect on circulations. Now the *Glasgow Evening News* dies, and half its editorial staff of 50 are likely to find difficulty in getting fresh employment.

Its death is the last stage in a melancholy progression which well symbolises what has been happening to far too many provincial evening papers. Founded originally in 1870 by a Glasgow man, James Murray Smith, it was for long a characteristically forceful voice of local interests, and for a time rose to even more considerable heights under the editorship of the Scottish novelist, Neil Munroe, who made it one of the best evening papers in Britain. But it fell a victim to trustification in the Twenties when it was first bought by a Scottish business group; then it was resold at a quick profit to the Berry Brothers; then it passed to the Kemsley Press, who finally sold it in November, 1955, to the *Daily Mirror-Sunday Pictorial* group as part of the deal by which the *Daily Mirror* acquired control of the *Scottish Daily Record*. The *Daily Mirror* has now decided to cut its losses—as it has also done on the other side of the world with the *Melbourne Argus* which was closed down last Friday.

Even the name of the *Evening News* is to disappear, for although Outrams were the prime negotiators for its purchase as a preliminary to its demise they are not, as was at first presumed, to incorporate its title in their own *Evening Times*. The transaction, in fact, has a number of interesting features which throw light on modes of newspaper competition and seem to promise a lively continuation of the circulation war in Glasgow. Although they were very shy of commenting when I spoke to them, it appears that Beaverbrook Newspapers may also be concerned with their rivals of the Outram Press in the purchase of this troublesome third newspaper. Part of the argument seems to be that neither shall inherit the name, goodwill, or any of the main features, of the defunct *Evening News*. Instead, its 180,000 readers are to be left deliberately unattached—an open market which the *Evening Times* and the *Citizen* will both go after on equal terms.

Incidentally, the closing down of both the *Glasgow Evening News* and the *Melbourne Argus* in the same week throws an interesting light on the current policy of the *Mirror-Pictorial* group, which appears determined to consolidate and tighten up its financial position for the struggles ahead. It is, in fact, a fascinating reflection of the current position of newspaper economies that although this group commands the biggest daily and the second largest Sunday circulation in the world it is now drawing less and less of its profits from newspapers. The last accounts of the *Mirror* (to February 28 last year) astonishingly disclosed, in fact, that only 3.7 per cent of the total profit of the company came from net trading profit, that is from newspaper publications, as against 96.3 per cent from investment income. This was, it is true, an exceptional year. Trading profits had been much reduced by, first, the printing strike and then the railway strike, both of which hit the *Mirror* harder than most popular national papers because it was then printing only in London and thus suffered most from the rail stoppage while it lacked the printing capacity to make up for the advertisement losses incurred during the printing strike by producing bigger papers when it ended. But the fall in the percentage of the total profits derived from newspaper publication (it was 36.7 per cent the previous year) has been going on for some years in the case of both the *Mirror* and the *Pictorial* companies. In fact, it sometimes begins to look as though we are moving towards an era when the publication of even the most successful newspapers may become no more than a sideline, and a sideline, moreover, only for those well heeled in other ways.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

BJPS

The British Journal for the Philosophy of Science

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NOTES, COMMENTS & REVIEWS

The publishers regret that increase in production costs have made it necessary to raise the price of the Journal from May 1957 as follows:

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION	42s ($6.25)
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NELSON

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Shaw and the Alphabet

AFTER six years of unpublicity, Bernard Shaw's 8,000-word will has come into the news, with the Chancery Court action concerning the validity of his residuary bequest for a new alphabet.

Shaw himself would doubtless have welcomed the case after the silence and inaction of the past six years, for he meant the bequest to be, in his own words, "a good standing advertisement" for the cause of alphabet reform. However, he would definitely have wished the alphabet trusts to be upheld, for he really did want a statistical inquiry made and a new alphabet designed and propagated.

Some people are under the impression that the whole thing is simply a posthumous joke, but they did not know Bernard Shaw. Nothing could be farther from the truth. This "fad," as he characteristically called it, forms the main theme of numerous of his articles, prefaces and letters spanning more than half a century. His interest in phonetics, shorthand, spelling reform, and typography, was first roused in 1879 by his friend James Lecky, through whom he got to know the phonetician Henry Sweet—the original of Professor Higgins in *Pygmalion*. Shaw also met Alexander Ellis, who had been steeped in alphabet and spelling reform since 1843, when he collaborated with Isaac Pitman (of shorthand fame) in designing Phonotypy—an enlarged Latin alphabet which Pitman considered more important than his shorthand. Ellis and Pitman had taken over from a long line of alphabet reformers, stretching back to the 16th century.

Why does it need reforming? Chiefly because there are more sounds in the English language than there are letters in the Latin alphabet to write them with. We therefore have to use some of the letters for more than one sound each, and also have recourse to the use of digraphs—illogical two-letter combinations like *sh*, *th* and *ng*.

Our notorious orthography is largely responsible for the high proportion of semi-literates (about 30 per cent.) in this country. Moreover,

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3	TAKE YOUR PICK	GRANADA	69%
4	PLAY OF THE WEEK	GRANADA	67%
5	THE CARROL LEVIS SHOW	GRANADA	66%
6	TELEVISION PLAYHOUSE	GRANADA	66%
7	DOUBLE YOUR MONEY	GRANADA	63%
8	DO YOU TRUST YOUR WIFE?	GRANADA	62%
9	MY WIFE'S SISTER	GRANADA	62%
10	SPOT THE TUNE	GRANADA	62%

% of homes reached during all or any part of the programme except homes viewing only one to five minutes. These figures reveal the audience in the Northern Region television homes capable of receiving both BBC and ITV programmes. ITV programmes are rated on the viewing to the Winter Hill and Emley Moor transmitters. Viewing in the Northern Region to the Birmingham ITV station is therefore not included.

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LONDON AND MANCHESTER

it perverts the natural logic of children's minds—a fact deplored by some psychologists. It also slows down the spread of English as the international language which is such a crying need in the modern world. Finally, it tends to corrupt the spoken language: the place names Petersham, Lewis-ham and Cars-halton, for instance, have now become Peter-sham, Lewi-sham and Car-shalton. Shaw, who loved the English language, deplored this tendency. And he had a personal grievance—having to spell his name with four letters instead of two!

Spelling reform within the framework of our present alphabet could eliminate most of the inconsistencies of our spelling; but only alphabet reform could eliminate the digraphs. In all his writings on the subject up to 1945, Shaw gave the minimum number of letters required for English as 42; later, however, he realised that 40 would be sufficient, and 40 is the minimum specified in his will. The analysis is not laid down, but is given in one of the famous printed postcards.

It was the economic case for alphabet reform that Shaw chiefly stressed—the wastage of time, energy, material and money when two letters are written instead of one, millions of times every minute. He believed this was the only argument that would carry weight with most people, and he therefore left money for a statistical inquiry into the waste occasioned by the lack of 14 letters in the alphabet. This was his contribution to the cause—a mercenary argument to succeed where centuries of persuasion had failed.

He was not really satisfied, however, with his testamentary instructions, which were a reluctant second choice. In 1944 (that is, six years before the date of his will) he had written a long letter to all the government departments, learned societies, colleges, committees, councils, guilds, trusts and institutes whose functions seemed even remotely relevant, offering to leave them his money for propagating a new alphabet. But none of them would accept the job, so there was nothing for it but to create a private trust *ad hoc*.

It is a sign of Shaw's modesty that he did not put forward any actual alphabet. He preferred to leave that to experts. He did, however, state the principles on which the new alphabet should be drawn up. Of the hundreds of one-sound-one-letter systems already devised, most are based on the characters of our present alphabet, supplemented by extra letters or by diacritics, but Shaw wanted the old letters to be discarded altogether in favour of simple, shorthand-like signs which, being quicker to write, would treble the saving effected by writing each sound with one sign.

Thus, instead of tampering with the present alphabet, Shaw would have a completely new one launched in competition with it, for use as an alternative system of writing until one or the other proves the fitter to survive. In that way, the acquired visual memory of the existing adult generation would not be sacrificed, for only young children would have to learn both systems—and for them the phonetic system would actually be a helpful stepping-stone to the traditional one.

Yet the very idea of reforming the alphabet meets with general hostility. It is the story of the Arabic numerals all over again: the idea of introducing a symbol for zero existed as early as the sixth century, but most of the people in this part of the world went on using the clumsy Roman numerals for another 900 years because they had learnt them in childhood and would have found it too troublesome to change. When the change-over was made, it opened the door to mathematics and the machine age.

Advocates of spelling reform schemes and reformed alphabets based on the old letters usually consider the more drastic type of reform advocated by Shaw impossibly idealistic. They think it would be easier to persuade ordinary people to adopt a reform which retained the familiar characters. But as Shaw wrote in a letter to *The Times* in 1945: "No Englishman will ever have himself set down as illiterate, ignorant, ridiculous, and even occasionally indecent by beginning his epistles with "Deer Sur'." And now there is concrete evidence from Germany that a completely new alphabet is a practical possibility. For a phonetic script (which, unknown to Shaw, might almost have been made to his own order) is now taught in schools in more than 60 towns in Western Germany, where over 10,000 children have already learnt it and proved its good effect upon fluency—even in subsequent use of the conventional letters. This system was designed 30 years ago by the phonetician Felix von Kunowski who, intending it for world-wide use, adapted it for all the chief languages—increasing the 28 symbols that suffice for German to 40 for English. It is called Sprechspur—speech-tracing.

It seems a great pity that it was not until a few weeks before his death that Shaw heard about the headway being made in Germany with speech-tracing. He was too tired then to start making new plans. To his informant, Mr. Russell Scott, he wrote: "Never waste time writing to very old men. I am 94, finished. I can do no more. You must carry on from where I left off." In 1955, Mr. Scott founded the Phonetic Alphabet Association, which aims at introducing Kunowski's speech-tracing into schools in this country so that the next generation, growing up with the new alphabet as well as the old, may make their choice.

BARBARA SMOKER

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The Arts and Entertainment

Toscanini

EVERYTHING about Toscanini, except his physical stature, was prodigious: his memory, his concentration, the acuteness of his ear, his sense of tonal balance, his rages, his patriotism, his perpetual youthfulness, his refusal to consider the mere notion of compromise. A universe composed of Toscaninis—millions of irresistible forces encountering millions of immovable posts—is unthinkable: it could not last a day. But that one Toscanini, in one sphere of human activity, should have existed in our lifetime is something to be thankful for: it has given us the positive experience of something we might otherwise have only surmised, a glimpse of perfection, a notion of the great work very much as it may have seemed to the composer at the moment of conception, unencumbered by the incidental and the inessential. More than any other conductor, Toscanini sought what philosophers have called "The Thing in Itself." His loss is irreparable.

It was inevitable that such a man should become the subject of blind adulation—a category to which the foregoing paragraph may seem to belong. Because he was the greatest conductor of two generations, it is sometimes assumed that he was equally great in everything. This was not so. The very qualities that made him supreme in certain kinds of music debarred him from the most intimate understanding of other kinds. His repertory was not very large. He liked to perform a limited number of standard works by Mozart and Schubert, but he was really too fierce and unrelenting for either; Bruckner he seldom played, Mahler never, and his peremptory way with *The Blue Danube* of Johann Strauss shows that he was wise to leave the more charming and easy-going manifestations of the Austrian musical genius to others. Brahms, the Austrian by adoption, he adored and played wonderfully well, though with certain dramatic heightenings of light and shade which made one think rather of a storm brewing on Lake Garda than of sunny Pörtschach and the placid Wörthersee.

Where Toscanini was unapproachable was in certain immensely complex modern scores, of which Debussy's *La Mer* was the supreme example, and in the great nineteenth-century firebrands of music: Berlioz and Wagner, Beethoven and Verdi. The burning nobility of his phrasing of the Love Scene in Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* can never be forgotten; and, having heard him conduct *Tannhäuser*, I can well believe that his *Tristan* must have been overpoweringly poignant and intense. His *Meistersinger*, amazingly clear and brilliant in detail, was a little *too* intense: it lacked geniality and repose. In the earlier operas of Verdi, so far as one can judge from the concert performances of his old age, his imperious exactitude sometimes scared his singers and left them too little room for necessary expansion; his conception of *La Traviata* was excessively streamlined, and it was often noticeable that he preferred to work with singers of the second rank, or with newcomers. But his realisation of the drama and poetry of *Otello* was stupendous, and there was no lack of laughter or of ease in the memorable *Falstaff* performances, with Stabile, which he conducted at Salzburg in 1935. His reading of the Verdi *Requiem*, for all its torrential fury, was classical and perfect in architectural balance and purity of line.

Nevertheless it was Beethoven who called out the very best in Toscanini; a close similarity of temperament between creator and interpreter endowed his Beethoven performances with an extraordinary authority and power. In the final pages of the Gloria of the *Mass in D* it is hard to believe that physical and spiritual exhilaration, as of the heavens taken by storm, can ever have been more

grandly displayed; such moments were, in Toscanini's hands, apocalyptic. Very late in his long life there was a period when he would over-drive this or that *allegro*, or seem almost impatient with the long-drawn-out sweetness of some *adagio* like that of the Ninth Symphony. But even these flaws might be called Beethovenian: they were a passing exaggeration of the same qualities that made him speak, more than any other conductor, with the voice of Beethoven. Beethoven himself was often rough and impatient, as witness those sudden, brusque, loud chords with which he is wont to terminate his most exquisite slow movements. We may perhaps wish, at such moments, that both composer and conductor would be more gentle; but we must take both for what they were: the most powerfully, even aggressively, masculine of all musicians. When Toscanini conducted Beethoven, like met like, and we were fortunate to be able to warm ourselves at an unprecedented bonfire of genius.

* * *

The death of Toscanini is bound to make the regular musical occasions of the week seem less important, besides restricting the space in which they can be discussed. Yet there have been some noteworthy events of late, worthy in other circumstances of more extended comment. Dr. Chisholm's enterprising team of South Africans concluded their London visit with several performances of Bartók's opera, *Duke Bluebeard's Castle*, never previously staged in London. Good singing and an effective *mise-en-scène* allowed us to guess how splendid the score must sound with a full professional orchestra, and even how impressive, notwithstanding the static and repetitive nature of the action, it might be made to seem on the stage. Last Saturday a pleasant miscellaneous concert called "Voices of Tomorrow" introduced us to some fairly promising material, and one already accomplished and indeed fascinating artist in Raquel Satre, who sang Spanish carols arranged by Nin and the Air de Lia from Debussy's *L'enfant prodigue*. Half British and half Uruguayan, as striking in appearance as in voice, she is a pupil of Ninon Vallin and reflects something of the characteristic timbre and style of that great soprano. I hope we shall have the sense to do something quickly about Miss Satre before she is snapped up by America; the Wigmore Hall may have been full of talent-spotters from Covent Garden and elsewhere, but if so I didn't spot *them*.

After "Voices of Tomorrow," *Voices of the Night*. This is an extended Cantata by Franz Reizenstein, first broadcast in 1952, and given its first public performance in England at the Sunday evening L.S.O. concert under Josef Krips, with Suzanne Danco and Thomas Hemsley as soloists. The enthusiastic reception of the work speaks well for both public and composer. It shows, on the one hand, that a fundamentally instrumental idiom resembling that of Reizenstein's teacher, Hindemith, need be no bar to success in England—provided, on the composer's side, there is a vivid appreciation of what constitutes both good vocal writing and good prosody. Reizenstein's success, in the latter sphere, is amazing in one who is not setting his mother tongue: his phrases trip easily and often delightfully from the singers' lips. He is in every respect a first-rate craftsman and he sometimes taps a genuine vein of poetry as in the Shelley setting, which could be far more sensuously beautiful than Mr. Hemsley made it. I think myself that Dances of Death, complete with ghastly xylophones and all other suitable appurtenances, have had their day; and I am not greatly attached to the Belloc-like jollification of one or two other sections; but these are perhaps matters of temperament. It is clear that in *Voices of the Night* Reizenstein has made a fruitful contact with the larger public, and this should draw general attention to the merits of a composer who has not yet had his due, perhaps because of his versatility.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Minority Culture

"MASS Civilisation and Minority Culture." The useful phrase was struck by Dr. Leavis back in the Thirties; but it is still descriptive and it is still echoed. Mr. John Whiting, the dramatist, in a rather despairing article in the December *London Magazine* wrote:

> A playwright must not think that he will extend his audience beyond that of the novel or poetry. It is a mistake to see the theatre as a popular art. It may have been fifty years ago, but new mediums have changed all that. The play must now be directed towards a specialised audience.

This is a despairing view because the situation of the playwright is even more desperate than that of the novelist or the poet, desperate though the poet's at least is, too. A thousand certain readers would presumably make a volume of poetry worth publishing, but they wouldn't all have to be gathered in one place on two successive nights as the playwright's audience would have to be; and even then, of course, for play purposes the number would be far too small. For too many years now we have assented to the idea that this is all the crass, philistine public's fault. Isn't it high time that artists of all kinds started blaming themselves? The nineteenth-century romantic heresy of the artist as a sacred egocentric monomaniac—the "lonely old artist man"—dies hard. Mr. Whiting repeated it in so many words the other night when he delivered the John Parker Memorial lecture at RADA: the artist (by which he meant the playwright) is always right; he is either misinterpreted or misunderstood. But the artist whether in paint, words or sound had much better begin thinking of himself again as simply a human being like the rest, endowed with a special gift for articulation; and his business is, crudely, to articulate on behalf of the inarticulate, to express for those unable to express themselves what they want to hear expressed. I grant that this description

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raises just as many problems as any other—there are so many levels on which he can articulate for them, ranging in music, for instance, from the banalities of "pop" to the obscurities of the twelve-tone scale; but it might serve to remind the artist that, except for the rare oddities on the lunatic fringe, he is a spokesman for others not merely for himself, and his audience is an essential factor in his equations.

A playwright, as I have suggested, is under this obligation more than most. No audience, no play. It is as simple as that; but the complications of not only collecting an audience, but also of bringing it together in one place at one time are enormous. The responsibility of collecting it should be felt as his, too, by the writer—more than it is at present. A degree of specialisation is evidently unavoidable in the present state of our culture (probably, indeed, it has always been so). But, even then, the artist must do his share. It is no use Mr. Devine gathering an audience if the playwrights are so far off their beam as to be unintelligible to that audience. And to take the proposition in reverse, Mr. Osborne's play would not have had the success it had unless it were expressing something that the audience wanted to have expressed. (Its originality consisted in its expressing that for the first time in the theatre.)

Ideally, the play written for a specialised audience will in due course make its way to a wider audience (as Shaw's plays, for instance, have), the specialised audience being only an advance guard a little quicker than the general one at recognising a novel approach. But it would soon, I suggest, become a sterile body if its authors confined themselves to expressing only the specialised tastes and problems of this specialised audience. I have sometimes wondered lately whether the Third Programme wasn't standing in that very danger. It has a specialised audience and it sometimes seems to devote itself exclusively to the more esoteric of that audience's interests. There is room for this and time enough for it: but the Third should be judged, at least ideally, by the number of its productions which in due course could be reasonably transferred to the Home. *Under Milk Wood*, which the Third had the enterprise specially to commission, is an example of such a "minority" taste which has become a majority one.

No less enterprising was the idea of commissioning a play from Mr. Samuel Beckett on the strength of his *Waiting for Godot*—another minority piece (first put on by the Arts) which made some headway with a wider audience. But I doubt whether the radio play they got, *All That Fall*, will have quite the same general appeal. Partly this is because it is a true radio play, and listening without seeing makes far greater demands on an audience. Then there was—at least as it was produced—less both of the grim humour and of the rhythmic compulsion, which did something to reconcile us to the bleak desolation which lay at the heart of *Godot*, as it does at the heart of this play, too. As old Mrs. Rooney struggles to the station to meet her blind husband, she has a variety of encounters—with Mr. Taylor on his bicycle with a flat tyre, with Mr. Slocombe, clerk of the race-course, who gives her a lift in his ancient motor, with the stationmaster and the refined Miss Fitt. The train is late, her complaining old husband arrives, they stumble back to where she started from; and, sweat it out there.

The encounters and incidents had, for me, none of the comic bite of the episodes in *Godot*, but they had the same convincing air of meaning more than they said. It was like the more teasing bits of *Godot*—Pozzo's blindness, that business with the watch and so on—symbols of one doesn't quite know what. Hopeless at acrostics, I bluffly feel that authors should not baffle us so completely or that, if they do, they have only themselves to blame if they are inadequately paid for doing it. Assuredly Mr. Beckett has a remarkable power of creating atmosphere out of very simple means, an atmosphere of lonely, loveless desolation which accumulatively grows more inspissated as his play proceeds, so that Mrs. Rooney's sudden cry of "Christ what a planet!" bursts on us as a just comment. But there is, all the same, a failure in communication and the failure is the author's and it is deliberate. That is the ultimate of minority culture.

It has been Irish week in the theatre. At the Lyric, Hammersmith, the Irish players are repeating their production of Sean O'Casey's superb early play *The Shadow of a Gunman* and at the opposite outskirt of the town Theatre Workshop at Stratford have a rather rough and ready go at *The Playboy of the Western World*. Our by now considerable heritage of Irish drama is rather forced into the position of being a minority pleasure simply by reason of the difficulty, in our present theatrical conditions, of assembling good all-Irish casts. The BBC, with its large resources, is at an advantage over repertory companies like Theatre Workshop.

Finally let me remind aspiring playwrights that less than three months are left before the closing date of the *Observer* competition for new full-length plays, the first prize being £500 and production at the Arts Theatre. One of the conditions of this prize seems to me very curious; it is that "The action of all plays submitted must take place in the period since the last war." One sees, vaguely, what the setters of the competition are after—they hope, no doubt, to pick up another *Look Back in Anger*. But the more you look at it the more odd (and wrong-headed) the condition is if, as one may reasonably suppose, it is significant plays that they wish to encourage. An equivalent condition, in its day, would have ruled out all the plays of Shakespeare. Anouilh, Claudel, Montherlant, Brecht, Fry, Eliot are among the leading playwrights who use the past in order to illuminate the present. And what about the plays set in no particular time? Samuel Beckett, for instance, would presumably be barred. The setters are entitled to impose any conditions they like, but this seems an unnecessarily crippling one, based on a false premise.

T. C. WORSLEY

IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE...

SMALL wonder that lovers are so pale and wan. A Sonata Salad sounds all very well, but it's not much for a pair of thoroughly star-crossed lovers to get their teeth into.

In fact our advice to the lovelorn is to come out of the Metronome Grill and enjoy some good, honest, nourishing food. Like bread. Which scientists tell us is an excellent food in itself. It could give us as much as three quarters of all the energy we, and our children, burn up in a day.[1] Bread provides us with body-building protein, and essential vitamins and minerals, too.[2] *And* goes very well in concert with cheese.

Those distinguished nutritional authorities Professor McCance and Dr. Widdowson in a Special Report,[1] say "Probably the most important finding concerns the high nutritive value of wheat in any of the forms customarily consumed by man": And that means bread. While a Panel of eminent scientists and medical men under the Chairmanship of Professor Lord Cohen say: "Bread is the most important staple food in the British diet".[3]

So make sure that you and your family have plenty of good fresh bread every day.

1. *Medical Research Council' Special Report Series No. 287, published by H.M.S.O.*
2. *All flour must contain—per 100 grams of flour:* Iron *—not less than 1.65 milligrams.* Vitamin B_1*—not less than 0.24 milligrams.* Nicotinic acid*—not less than 1.60 milligrams.*
3. *Report of the Panel on Composition and Nutritional Value of Flour, published by H.M.S.O.*

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Another True Story

How often those words "the true story of" recur to introduce some celebrity (U.S.A.) we have never heard of! It may be a dance-band leader with a difficult family, or a trumpet player with a lonely destiny, or a night-club singer who drank, or a missionary, or a musical-hall quartet, or a war hero unsung. If the last, we may beware; because the sentimental lathering that makes up Hollywood biography is most detestable when applied to war. *Battle Hymn*, at the Leicester Square cinema, gives us fair warning: its title still merges a church window in fuzzy polychrome with the silhouette of a bomber, while choirs start up "John Brown's Body." The impatient Englishman would immediately get up and go; but we have all become patient, and perhaps curious. The "true story" of *Battle Hymn* makes known to us Colonel Dean Hess, a hero of Korea. Organ music has prepared us for the first shot: Hess preaching a sermon with a worried look that wars with the hideous rainbow from the window behind him. And he is worried, as we discover in scene two, domestic. During the Hitler war he bombed a German orphanage, killing 37 children—by mistake, of course—and was haunted by it afterwards so that he became a parson. Now he worries to get back, in some salving capacity.

Training a squadron of Southern Korea pilots! It may hardly sound quite the thing for conscience; but very soon the South Korea kids have got him. He sets them up in a patched temple, being considerably helped by a would-be Madame Butterfly. Most of his time apparently is with her and the kids; but the squadron gets trained, and when attacked, they—and he—have to defend. Then the kids are threatened—a general advance from the north; and he goes into action full-tilt, shoots down planes, blows up tanks, machine-guns North Koreans by the score. But he saves the kids; and that, apparently, squares everything.

The vestigial Christianity of the whole thing quite nauseates. Two moments of revelation come to Hess: one when a simple black, who also has found himself shooting up kids, finds repose in the thought that God wills all and therefore must have willed this; and the other in the philosophisings of an old Korean with flagrantly false hair, who says that all choices are between greater and lesser evils—and so, presumably, it's better to bomb kids if you do it than if the other side does. By the way, his wife at home, usually with a glycerine tear on her cheek, expected a kid; but we hear no more of it. Madame Butterfly gets shot and dies in his arms, the kids are transported to an island, and years later he visits them. We leave wishing we could have enjoyed the adventures of some other Hess—say, Rudolph.

I preferred, in fact, another hero of a quite fictional kind in *The Power and the Prize* (Tottenham Court Road Odeon). This was an emissary of big business (Robert Taylor), sent to London to pull off a shady deal. The Elizabethan court atmosphere of the whole thing was disarming: the president of Amalgamated World Metals, bearded, lame, autocratic George, with his favourite who was to succeed him, might have been a Tudor monarch. Then Mr. Taylor, the favourite, comes to a London not unlike the Forest of Arden, meets a refugee pianist (Elizabeth Mueller—and she really *is* charming), finds the English businessman, in the person of Sir Cedric Hardwicke, honourable and full of pride, hardens against the raw deal, goes back and breaks off marriage with the monarch's daughter (who is accommodatingly delighted), and faces the evil board meeting when either he or the great George must go. Then, the venerable Mr. Charles Coburn, in some ancestral role not too clearly defined, weighs the scales against George; the throne is empty; Cliff ascends. The whole piece is thoroughly romantic, unreal, absurd at times, but rather catching in its naive beliefs.

Also, by the way, in this Odeon programme is a Gabin film, not a very good Gabin film, with the *maestro* as a lorry driver threatened by crooks, who summons all his lorry-driver friends to cut off the crooks' car on zig-zag hill roads and finally hem it in at a cross-roads; but it's oddly pleasant to discover him going the rounds. "Lorry drivers, of course, in French mythology are lords of creation, but what about the unhappy lorry-owners?

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

A Dazed and Toothless Generation

PEOPLE who watch television a lot often look to their unaddicted friends as though they had glass eyes or took drugs or were sleep-walking: they stare vacantly, they move with the cramped, uncertain gait of rescued speleologists, they mumble infantile ditties in honour of *cornflakes in the morning* or *brightness women want*. They are completely passive, lacking all initiative.

There seems to be no cure for this condition. Deliberately to serve supper in another room or to switch off the set at 7.30 p.m. on a Sunday, just before *I Love Lucy*, is a harsh and amateurish therapy that may set up a lasting trauma. Disintoxication must be gradual and constructive. The moronic kaleidoscope must be supplemented by less noxious visions.

How, as the trend now goes, can this be brought about? Unless satiety soon begins to effect its own cure, the outlook seems hopeless. The figures go on rolling out of the adding machines. This week's BBC announcement claims 19 million adult viewers (two million more than last week's estimate); of these, 7¾ million (the BBC's estimate, slightly lower than ITA's) can also get commercial television programmes. This means that there is a TV set in every other home in the United Kingdom. Of adults who can see both programmes, 62 per cent. prefer ITV.

Even though ITV still has a much smaller total audience than the BBC, there is an inexorable logic in the effect on BBC policy of these trends. A simple illustration is the BBC's decision to re-plan Saturday night programmes so that they consist almost entirely of light entertainment. It is no good blaming the BBC for this: the BBC simply cannot afford to cultivate "a fugitive and cloistered virtue."

This is exactly what opponents of commercial television foresaw would happen: BBC standards, they warned, would be lowered to meet the competition at its own level. Not all light entertainment, of course, is intrinsically degrading; but, even as light entertainment, far too much of what is put out on both channels is fatuous drivel, utterly lacking in wit or beauty. In any case, to build programmes exclusively, or mainly, on this basis is surely to hasten and intensify the worst social and psychological consequences of television. A discussion programme or a documentary *may* stimulate some viewers at least to independent thought and argument, or give them glimpses of some strange new reality or manifestation of the human genius; but a constant diet of pap must soften and weaken the mental muscles and teeth.

The reason for this deterioration was also explained clearly in advance by opponents of the Bill in both Houses of Parliament (including the present Minister of Education). It is of the essence of commercial television to please the advertisers by holding as many viewers as possible entranced for as long as possible each evening. This can only be ensured by building up what ITA spokesmen call "a steady pattern of viewing." A thought-provoking minority programme like *What the Papers Say* can be risked as late as 10 p.m., when many people are switching off anyway and advertising time can be bought more cheaply: it would dislocate the graph badly if brought forward to a peak viewing time and allowed to break the ooze of bright slush.

This preference for the "steady pattern of viewing" seems to be the explanation of an incident that attracted hardly any comment last week (save from an alert reporter on the *Daily Worker*). According to Associated Rediffusion's Controller of Programmes, Mr. John McMillan, the advertisers "ran right away from" a half-hour documentary, *Our American Cousins*, which was broadcast at 9 p.m. in the series *People Are Talking*. This programme was widely praised next day: few of those who praised it noticed that it ran a few minutes short because the commercials that had been budgetted for weren't there. Mr. McMillan added, bravely, that the company would keep the series going despite the boycott—but for how long can a programme-company afford to defy the advertisers by whom it lives? This is surely an issue of major principle. The advertisers' action is contrary to the spirit, if not the letter, of the Television Act and to all the assurances given by Ministers that advertisers would not be able to influence the content of programmes.

People are Talking is not a regular but an occasional series: it is put on when some issue of topical importance seems suitable for documentary treatment. On Tuesday of this week the boycott had still not been investigated by ITA: unless the Authority backs up the programme-company in such a case as this, I shall be surprised if much more is seen of *People Are Talking*—or if it is not, at best, relegated to a later hour.

The drama producers, however, may yet save ITV viewers from losing all their mental teeth. Lillian Hellman's *Another Part of the Forest* was certainly something to bite on: the splendid violence of its ingrowing family hatreds, its success in rendering the atmosphere of smouldering spite, made up for some of the English players' painfully forced American accents. Then, last Sunday, Mr. Dennis Vance gave us, in *The Necklace* (from the Maupassant story), half-an-hour of true television, exploiting the medium's limitations with the most ingenious economy.

But they must cultivate the technical smoothness of the best BBC productions. In the middle of one recent play, we suddenly saw a camera peering at us through a window. It gave some lethargic viewers quite a turn.

TOM DRIBERG

"Mazowsze", at the Stoll

The Polish State Dance Company aims to re-create the traditional songs and dances of Poland in a manner suitable to the theatre. The compromise, such as turning the inward-facing patterns outwards and arranging folk tunes for choir and orchestra, has been managed without inspiration, but very, very efficiently. And since a good number of the songs and dances are intrinsically beautiful, the results are generally satisfying. The kind of pleasure they give is expected. There are the deep, wailing songs that suddenly break into a lurching gallop of violence; the soft-running steps of the *Mazurka* that gather to a terrific speed, and the variety of brilliant, flaring skirts. What is lacking is the atmospheric subtlety that often accompanies folk dances. Only in *Little Krakowiac*, when the instrumentalists come on to the stage, is there that intimate, intensely homely quality that is an essential in folk art. With the squeaking pipe and the thumping 'cello beside them, the dancers focus their attention more closely on the music and their own gyrations. This company, started eight years ago, has skill and discipline. The movements are strong and charged with vitality, but absolutely controlled and absolutely together. The choir is less impressive, for, although again well controlled, the individual voices sound meagre. As almost always with an evening of folk dancing, I grew exhausted with the incessantly gaudy colours and the limited expression of the choreography; but this programme has some exquisite songs and some explosions of movement that are inimitable.

A. F.

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Correspondence

SOUTH AFRICAN DEFENCE FUND

SIR,—Last month more than 150 South African people of all races were suddenly arrested in a melodramatic fashion on charges of treason. The accused include most of the leading opponents of the Nationalist government's policy of apartheid, and of South Africa's traditional attitude of racial discrimination. All of them have taken part in the struggle to achieve racial equality and protect the liberty of the subject. These courageous people were suddenly torn from their families in the early hours of the morning and taken from all parts of the country to Johannesburg without being given any opportunity of preparing for the welfare of their dependants. In some cases husbands and wives were both removed, and had to leave their children without care.

The South African Labour Party was one of the organisations which immediately took the initiative in setting up a defence fund for the protection of the accused and their dependants. This fund is being sponsored by well-known public men and women in South Africa, and is being administered from the offices of the South African Labour Party, which have been given free for the purpose. The objects of the fund are:

(i) to provide bail for the accused;
(ii) to provide the costs of legal defence;
(iii) to provide for the needs of those prisoners and their dependants who are suffering from loss of wages.

When the preliminary hearing was adjourned in December and the prisoners were released on bail, they had to find their own way back home, often very long distances, at their own expense. For many African accused this would have been impossible without the assistance of the defence fund.

Members of the British Labour movement have long condemned South African apartheid and racial discrimination in all its forms. Hundreds of resolutions to this effect have been passed by the movement during recent years. Now there is a clear opportunity to supplement words with action; to put these resolutions into practical effect. The National Executive Committee of the Labour Party has opened a fund here in support of the South African Defence Fund. We appeal to all sections of the British Labour movement to subscribe generously in defence of those who are in the front line of the battle against racial discrimination. Money subscribed, either individually or in collections, should be sent to me at Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1, from where it will be transmitted to the organisers of the South African Defence Fund.

Labour Party. MORGAN PHILLIPS
Secretary

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THE TORY CRISIS

SIR,—Owing to my total disagreement with the government's Suez action, I resigned in November from active membership of the Conservative Party, including my position as chairman of an area advisory committee. While in the political wilderness, I have been seeking an answer to this question: why did it prove impossible, in the years after 1945, for the Conservative Party to effect the same type of interior transformation as it effected in the second quarter of the last century under Disraeli's leadership?

I have come to the conclusion that this is before all else a social question. In 1945 there were potential Conservative leaders—notably Butler—who understood the social changes of their day just as Disraeli understood the social changes of his. They knew that power had now deserted the middle class and come to reside with the workers, and therefore that theirs must become predominantly a working-class party. For this it would be necessary for the party not merely to voice working-class aspirations, but to do so in a convincing manner—that is to say, through having an ever-increasing working-class representation both in parliament and in the constituency organisations.

This was sound political theory, and Disraeli would have been the first to applaud it. But it was a theory destined to break down. It could not be translated into practice, partly because there was no single will tantamount to Disraeli's capable of enforcing a sweeping and deeply unpopular break with the past, and partly because there was lacking the human material to make it effective. Constituency organisations were urged to establish trade union sections and to select working-class candidates for parliament. Except in very rare cases, the trade union section—where it existed—failed to take an active share in party affairs, while the result of the recommendation of candidates was that in the 1955 election only two or three working-class people were actually returned.

I believe that the real reason for this failure lies in the sense which the middle class has of being threatened with extinction. It feels, more deeply and with better reason than the aristocracy felt in Disraeli's day, that its standards are in deadly peril. This is not something which can be measured wholly or even chiefly in economic terms. It is a pattern of behaviour which money may safeguard but which money alone cannot procure. Any working-class government—whether Socialist or otherwise—would ultimately break that pattern down. For the pattern rests on one institution above all others—the public school; and a ruling class recruited from a different educational system would be bound, if not to abolish the public school, to change it out of recognition.

To effect the transformation required by the social climate after 1945, the Conservative Party would have needed to capitulate on the social front. This it was unwilling, perhaps unable, to endure. Yet, short of coming to terms with the 20th century, the party can achieve no more than was possible for pre-Disraeli Toryism after 1850.

At present, in the political life of the country, there is a vacuum which will soon become apparent. How is that vacuum to be filled? It seems to me that there are three alternatives, all at first sight equally improbable. (1) A revival of the Liberal Party, sufficiently powerful to include within its sweep substantial numbers of both working-class anti-Socialists and permanently disillusioned Conservatives. (2) A wholesale desertion of the Labour Party by those prepared to admit their loss of faith in nationalisation. (3) A triumph for those slender forces in the Conservative Party who *would* capitulate on the social front and so effect their party's transformation. Should none of these alternatives materialise, the country will lack an alternative government, essential for the working of the democratic process. W. GORE ALLEN

Tiverton, Devon.

THE WORLD OF JIMMY PORTER

SIR,—John Osborne's play is a knock-out. Its sub-title could be, "I'm the only man in the world that's alive." As an apprentice dramatist nothing has impressed me so much in years. And the language! Freedom at last from the restrictions of stage-English. The armour of the hero, Jimmy Porter, is impeccable. He eats. He defecates. He fornicates. It's all simultaneous. He is alive. He lets loose on all fronts. It's one of the most destructive plays I've ever read. On the other hand, Jimmy Porter is careful to surround himself with dead people. If they have a little activity going, he is able to corrode it into a sort of coma. And he recognises his father's death as the real thing, and so idolises it. The others, what Lawrence calls, "the living dead," he has only to annihilate by—what? It's not contempt. It's that he believes he's so alive nothing else can exist. It's like being close to the sun. Out they go. There's a direct communication with life. But what life—my God!

It's wonderful reading. It ought to stop a lot of plays. It won't, but still—this is a real explosion; any little flaws are splinters that go by the boards. It ought to make any playwright or reader overhaul himself. A destruction like this helps to refine the world. Life going back to the raw. Tasteless (thank God), pure humanless experience.

It's not rigor mortis that Jimmy Porter wants. He's like the spider that paralyses the bug with one bite in the cortex. Then the spider has motionless meat on which she and the little ones can feast at leisure. That's the way everyone is in the alive world of Osborne's play. Alive enough not to go bad, only just. Otherwise, no one moves a muscle, and the show goes on. Well, perhaps it's worth dying for Jimmy Porter's monologues. That is, if one is male. As for the poor girls! I never smelt anything more like garbage: huge female globs of it. How he hates them all, the vinegar of human kindness. The only ones he has a gentler feeling for are those he knows he can devour, and so he keeps alive by the kick of the dead he surrounds himself with. It's the periphery of the world. No Lawrencian sterility here. It's far beyond that. This, and I feel it in my boots, is the funeral march of this section of the world. It's the human disaster that one expects—inhuman, you might say, but the world is that way, so it's human. And here the intellectual gets the dirt of his own prophecy thrown back in his face.

Perhaps Mr. Osborne himself is drawn and quartered and doesn't know it? You can't strip yourself this way except as you are a corpse before corpses. It's like an exhibition of meat, all on hooks But again, thank God for it, and for Mr. Osborne.

GRAHAM T. ACKROYD

410 Upper Richmond Road,
London, S.W.15.

LUCKY JIM'S POLITICS

SIR,—For a number of years I have regretted that circumstances (among which may be included the unfortunate incidence of successive Conservative governments) prevented me from attending Oxford University. After reading Mr. Whitby's letter I begin to wonder if my regret has been misplaced. If four years' training produced the state of mind implied by his letter, the effect of the university as a formative influence is one I am glad to have missed. He does not say what subjects he studied. If English and Logic were among them, then equally I no

longer regret missing the educational opportunities.

As a student of the *Daily Mail* perhaps, or the *Daily Telegraph*, he may be excused for believing that "Labour" is a synonym for "Socialism," but surely nobody can believe that "Conservative" is a synonym for "welfare state."

In the period from 1945 to 1951, the Labour government brought into being a number of changes in our social system which even the most enthusiastic Labour supporter would not describe as a complete transition to Socialism. On the other hand, even a luke-warm supporter would admit that they were at least tentative steps in the direction of Socialism. These steps are now embodied in a concept, which may be described as a watered-down version of Socialism, usually known as the welfare state. Since 1951 the Conservative government has passed a series of measures reducing the effectiveness of the welfare state; so that the answer to Mr. Whitby's claim that "time and the welfare state" are on his side would appear to be, "not if the Conservative government remains in office."

He asks what Socialism has to offer people like him. A partial Socialism has already offered him (unfortunately for us) four years at Oxford University. What Socialism can offer in the future to a "romantic, non-U, materialist, intellectual Conservative" is difficult to answer, for I find it hard to imagine what this strange hybrid creature wants or expects. In view of his letter I would suggest further education. Incidentally, I would be interested to know what "universal educational conscription" is, if it is not the state that obtains at present, when every parent is legally obliged to send his child to school at five years of age.

I have one thing in common with Mr. Whitby though; I would like to see the opportunities of the welfare state maintained, increased and spread abroad; but I do not share his faith that the "old Etonian Cabinet" is dedicated to that cause. Bombing airplanes and paratroops are strange harbingers of welfare. I wonder if it has occurred to him that some of the "under 35, non-intellectuals" queueing outside the Canadian Immigration Offices might be agreeing with me and not with him.

91 Hendford Hill, GEOFFREY BARFOOT
Yeovil, Somerset.

THE NEW MORALITY

SIR,—I would venture to think that the two correspondents who criticise Jacquetta Hawkes provide striking evidence of the justice of her argument. They are examples of entrenchment in Old Morality and are therefore "puzzled." Like Pavlov's dogs, they can only dribble at the "right" bell.

I have not the privilege of knowing Jacquetta Hawkes, but if I were to try to condense her argument for those who won't see it (and I may say that once, to my extreme astonishment, I got full marks for precis in the Foreign Office exam.), I should do it thus:

(1) *Values*, all over the world, are those of grab and greed: if they are maintained, they must always lead to war, ugliness, crime, and misery. To band greedy nations together under the title of U.N. or any other does not alter this one whit.

(2) The human race is now "educated" to believe that the aim of human life is (a) Success (getting the other chaps down); (b) Money (getting it away from others); (c) Regular and boring work during all hours of daylight, and, if possible, specialisation to the exclusion of all the humanities; (d) Blind acceptance of social conventions and organisational "loyalties"; (e) Obedience to all laws however stupid, and (f) a huge respectable flummery about sex. These are some of our positive "values," and they are all atrocious.

(3) Our negative values are (a) Admiration and adulation for money-makers, film stars, football players and "hustlers" of all kinds; (b) Abhorrence of the arts, *except when they are popular and money-making;* (c) Complete indifference to the spoliation of town and country (not to speak of human nerves) by advertisement hoardings, overhead cables, hideous factories, roaring aeroplanes, stinking petrol fumes, and roads clogged with thundering buses and lorries (and so, of course, complete indifference to the destruction of war, except as it affects the pocket); (d) Complete indifference to ancient savage laws such as those on homosexuality or hanging (and, I would add, though it is not part of Miss Hawkes' case, stunning indifference to the suffering of animals caused by our now quite unnecessary—and unique—quarantine laws).

One could, of course, prolong such lists almost indefinitely. Jacquetta Hawkes' point, I imagine, was to suggest that if men and women were educated to admire tolerance, altruism, awareness of beauty and the understanding of leisure (not TV and football pools but being alone and using the mind), and perhaps also to revere the Golden Calf a little less, the human race might be happier than it is. All honour to her.

Ripafratta, LIONEL FIELDEN
Pisa.

SIR,—So long as one "thinks," does it, in Mr. Rex Knight's view, matter at all whether one thinks truly or falsely? To me it seems to matter a lot. Does not our use of the word "tolerance" for our modern policy towards most beliefs and philosophies imply that there is some evil in what is tolerated?

37 Herbert St., N.W.5. JOHN V. SIMCOX

THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION

SIR,—Mr. Simmons writes: "Mr. Mendelson seized on Joszef Dudas as an *éminence grise* of the Hungarian Fascists." That is pure invention. Nowhere, in all my contributions, did I ever make any such statement. Nor did I ever accuse Dudas of being a Fascist; the whole elaborate paragraph on Mr. Dudas is, therefore, completely irrelevant to this correspondence.

Similarly the point about "Fascists imported from the West." I never made that point at all. Nor does it play any part in my analysis. This deliberate introduction of irrelevancies indicates the synthetic nature of Mr. Simmons' letter.

Mr. Simmons finds my sources of evidence "amusing." Here are the papers from which I have quoted: The *Sunday Times*, the *New York Times*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, *The Reporter*, *Der Spiegel*, *Die Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, *Die Welt*, *Le Monde*, *Le Figaro*. I can see nothing funny about this list, and I think most working newspapermen would agree that the journalists employed by these publications are among the best in their profession. Moreover, all these papers had their own representatives in Hungary at the time of the revolution.

Concerning my quotation from M. Thomas Schreiber. I quoted M. Schreiber verbatim in support of my point about the growing weakness of the Nagy-Tildy government and the development of political anarchy. That statement has never been withdrawn by M. Schreiber, and it, therefore, stands as part of my evidence.

However, I must now turn to the things that really matter.

First, the "white terror." Mr. Simmons merely asserts "There was none." Here is more evidence from left, including Polish, sources: Marshal Tito in his speech at Pula on November 11 related how ordinary members of the Communist Party of Hungary were hunted down and murdered on the spot in various towns and villages. *Politica*, published in Belgrade, carried many similar accounts giving a great deal of additional evidence. Social Democratic papers in Germany reported the development of the white terror and particularly condemned the fact that wives and children of police officers were also murdered by armed gangs. Warsaw radio on November 2, 1956, talked of: "the bestial murders of Communists in Hungary."

Second, the influence of Cardinal Mindszenty and his political friends including the Christian Front. Mr. Simmons quotes an unnamed "figure in the Smallholders' Party" who discounted the influence of Mindszenty's circle. Other people, well known in the political life of Hungary, formed a different opinion. Mr. Zoltan Tildy, for example, said on Radio Budapest on October 30 that "Cardinal Mindszenty was the only man who could unite the country behind the government." This the Cardinal refused to do and thereby completed the isolation

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of the Nagy-Tildy government. I fail to see any point in the silly accusation that I did not find Cardinal Mindszenty "nice" enough. Surely, these issues are far too serious for the employment of heavy schoolboy irony. The contrast between the attitudes adopted by the two Cardinals is of capital importance. The same point has since been made by Mr. Alexander Werth in *Reynolds News* and by other writers of international standing. Moreover, recent news from Poland has given additional significance to my point about the "Polish solution" and the essential support provided by Cardinal Wyszinski. Extreme right-wing and nationalist forces in Poland, who are hostile to the "Polish solution" and who want to bring about the failure of the Gomulka experiment, are engaging in highly dangerous activities. To list some of them: an attempt was prepared to murder the Soviet Consul at Szczecin as well as his entire staff whilst they were attending a film performance. They were warned and managed to escape only just in time. At Lignitza the shopkeepers have refused to sell their goods to Soviet soldiers and to wives of Soviet soldiers. There have been a number of cases of provoking Soviet soldiers to physical retaliation. All this is part of a deliberate attempt to bring about armed clashes with the Soviet army in spite of Gomulka's success in his Moscow negotiations and his anxious appeals to his compatriots to support him in his difficult task.

The same right-wing forces in Poland are also using, as in Hungary, the time-honoured weapon of anti-Semitism. On Sunday, January 6, two young men walked into the "Crystal," a restaurant in the centre of Warsaw, shouting: "We want to kill a Jew." They attacked a man whom they thought to be Jewish and beat him unconscious. The man was in fact not Jewish at all. Most of the other guests watched in silence. The "Revolutionary Students Council" of Wroclaw University recently demanded the expulsion of all Jewish students from the University. They were not acting in a very revolutionary manner in putting forward this demand; they were merely returning to the ugly pre-war policies of the National Democrats and other right-wing movements in Poland. I am anxious to establish this fact *now* lest we be presented, in some future contingency, with the Wroclaw "Revolutionary Students' Council" as composed of liberals and Socialists.

Finally, the possibility of a modified "Polish solution" in Hungary. It is, of course, much more difficult to return to such a solution now. It is, however, still possible; its achievement is closely connected with the problems of security in Europe and the Middle East. Nicholas Carroll reporting from Warsaw in the *Sunday Times* of January 13 writes: "It is startling to see the impact on this side of the iron curtain of the Suez intervention and the new Eisenhower doctrine, both of which have greatly strengthened the hand of Stalinist reactionary elements within every Communist Central Committee, and have been responsible for the recent stiffening of the Chinese and Russian "line." It is this connection between our foreign policy and the movement of liberalisation in Eastern Europe that I have stressed from the beginning in this correspondence. All the great powers, including Britain and Russia, must be given their share of influence as well as responsibility in Europe and in the Middle East. Such a policy, working through the United Nations, will help the anti-Stalinists in Moscow and in Peking. It would, in turn, mean liberalisation and, in the longer run, political freedom and political democracy for the people of Hungary and of Poland.

J. MENDELSON

Sheffield 10.

[We have held over a long letter on this subject from Radio Free Europe.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

POLITICAL DISCRIMINATION

SIR,—Any form of political discrimination in making academic appointments seems to me fraught with danger, if only because of the difficulty in drawing the line between the progressive and the subversive.

My own experience in the much humbler field of secondary education may illustrate this point. When interviewed for a specialist post in a secondary modern school, I was questioned about my willingness to give religious instruction. I declined on "conscientious grounds," though I was willing to attend religious services. Having had best part of a day to assess my chances against those of the other candidates, and having been led to believe that I would be appointed, by the headmaster, whose judgment is often accepted on interviewing boards, I was somewhat surprised when I was not among the five, out of seven on the short list, offered posts.

On asking the headmaster privately why I was rejected, I was told that the board used the religious instruction question as a safeguard against possible Communist infiltration.

I am, in fact, a confirmed democratic Socialist and, like many others, too perplexed about religion to instruct children in a particular faith.

SCHOOLMASTER

A. E. COPPARD

SIR,—I am one, and I think there will be many, to whom the news of the death of A. E. Coppard seems to have been received with quite inadequate tribute to his work. Perhaps a lot depends on the place and time of our first impact with a writer and I was one of those, now in middle life, who came across the work of Coppard when we were first groping for our own standards of taste. I had come from a limited education, with little knowledge of the arts and literature, but had got myself involved in politics; and from reading the political papers for their politics I began to turn to the literary pages. My reading was done in libraries, for I was out of work, but I began to look forward to the day when I could have money to spend and begin to buy my own books. When I was able to do this it had, of course, to be the cheap editions, the Everyman and Collins, but Jonathan Cape's "Travellers" became my favourites, for their more modern range and for the beauty of their production. The first I bought was Coppard's *The Black Dog* and it filled me with pleasure at the wit and brightness of the writing. It also included a short and bitter story of mill workers and the mill owner, *Tribute*, which summed up all the feelings of a Socialist and pacifist of those days. It should be read again today.

Coppard and others aroused my interest in the short story to which I became something of an addict, though one of my elderly mentors deplored this depravity. "You want to read something you can get your teeth into, lad," he used to say. I preferred the neatness, the completeness and tidiness of the short story, and I added to my collection all the Coppards I could find. *Nixey's Harlequin* in a first edition, light and beautiful, was given to me as a wedding present.

One day I saw a notice that the local literary circle was to have a visit by A. E. Coppard. I got a ticket and enjoyed listening to a real live writer, a trim man talking as neatly as he wrote, amusingly light of touch, telling how he saw his subjects for poems and stories, and reading some illustrations. He revealed to me (but probably it was no revelation to the literary circle) the difference between a short story—a single incident or action—and the novel, where incident and action serve only to reveal character. After the meeting I ventured to speak to Coppard and discussed some of the stories with him, including *Tribute*. I said, "As a Socialist it appealed to me" and he said, "I was secretary of our local I.L.P. when I wrote that." This added to his stature for I was active in the I.L.P. myself at that time. He discussed other stories, to my great delight, and said how he liked giving them a sudden turn to shock people sometimes. In my reversed snobbery I smiled indulgently at the members of the literary circle carrying Coppard's latest book obviously bought for the occasion, and waiting for his autograph—whereas I had come as a devotee already familiar with the work and wanting only to meet the man.

He wrote humorously, originally, of the town and of the country, with the bitterness of a story like *Tribute*, the moving beauty and understanding of poverty in *The Cherry Tree* or the pure fantasy of some of the Irish tales. He could paint a scene or village in a sentence, and I never stand on the bridge of any village without recalling his phrase of a small village stream "smiling its way under the bridge."

FRANK DAWTRY

Weybridge,
Surrey.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S GHOST

SIR,—I knew both participators in the original Adventure, and, though I have not seen Mrs. Iremonger's book, the reviews agree that it was written to debunk the good faith and sincerity of the two authors, Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain. A totally opposite point of view is given in the last edition of the *Adventure*, with a preface by Edith Olivier, who knew Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain—Mrs. Iremonger was a student at St. Hugh's after my time, she never knew Miss Jourdain, and I never knew Mrs. Iremonger.

Mrs. Iremonger wrote to me in April, 1955, to give her my "personal reminiscences," which I did not do, having been unfavourably impressed by her broadcast, which, to my mind, irrelevantly dragged in Miss Moberly's ancestry. Miss Moberly was an individualist, and her greatness did not come through her ancestry nor through her Adventure—the integrity of which is as sound as Miss Moberly's integrity. It came through her personality, her insight, her powers of revealing and expounding, and through her writings, such as her exposition on the Revelation of St. John. Miss Moberly was a great woman, humble, forceful, gentle, respected and beloved.

I was at school under Miss Jourdain, and before I went to Oxford I was for six months at Miss Jourdain's *pension* in Paris. I was one of the first to be told by Miss Jourdain herself of the Versailles experience a few weeks after it had happened. She gave me a full account of it, describing the scenery, the way the bushes were trimmed, the people they saw, and the clothes and uniforms worn, and she commissioned me, in my free time, to explore the antique shops on the Seine, to find what I could to verify what she told me; sure enough, I was able to send her prints of the time which tallied with her description.

P. DE B. GREER

Layer de la Haye,
Colchester.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The English Puritan

For more than a generation now the words Puritan, puritanism and puritanical have lost their weight and have become mere pellets of abuse, scattered at random and meaningless. As far as the religious revival is concerned neither the true Puritan nor the adjacent Nonconformist has any part in it. The nearest thing to the type is the self-lashing Catholic convert who has recovered a belief in Hell and has lost all notion of Heaven. And there are pockets of chronic hatred like the Jehovah's Witnesses. Puritanism has lost its creative force and its imaginative capacity; it is now a sometimes tiresome vestige left over from the last century, deprived of its strange, agonising vision and chiefly concerned with making pleasure difficult. The Puritan gained much by narrowing his life down to hard work, by sharpening his will and closing his heart; for the obverse of these painful manifestations was an exhilarating and scrupulous regard for freedom. He felt the drive of principle. But he lost heavily and became tedious in the time he wasted on introspection and guilt. Also, very shady. When people speak of the Puritan virtues the answer is that these virtues are not exclusive to Puritans; or, that modern society has sought its virtue elsewhere. Communists have frequently compared themselves with the Cromwellian Ironsides. But Communism, like Socialism, like the belief in social equality, security, welfare and the dominance of the philanthropic State are in fundamental opposition to the Puritan faith in individualism, free economic adventure, work and thrift. Poverty was a sign of moral failure. The only sense in which a puritanical Communist can be a Puritan is in the Calvinistic claim to be one of the Elect. In this the Communists have certainly followed the course of James Hogg's Justified Sinner.

Is it possible to have any clear discussion of words so bedevilled by paradox? In English politics, the Right is still run on the Puritan ethos, but it is the Left (in so far as it is middle class) that is puritanical. The reforms and experiments in marriage and sexual freedom have had the puritanical impetus behind them; hypocrisy and even licence have been the fortresses of conservatism and orthodoxy. Can we, in this confusion, come to any definition of Puritanism in its various phases? Can we follow the drift of a tendency? Can we say why Methodism, for example—commonly thought of as puritanical—is not really so; whereas the Evangelicals really were? Mr. John Marlowe has made an acute attempt to sort these difficulties out in *The Puritan Tradition in English Life**. He is an expert in the theological nuances. He is critical, sympathetic and has some of that nostalgia for Puritanism that we never quite lose. He recognises its coarse faults and dramatic virtues. After briefly running through the historical course of the movement in the 17th century, he goes over the well-known ground of the relation of Puritan theology to the morality of capitalism, expounds the paradox of its relation with the struggle for political liberty, its disastrous effect on the Fine Arts (especially the drama) and its failure in the realm of human relationships. For that we have paid heavily. A peculiar example of this failure is studied in the portraits of Gladstone and Gordon: the Puritan energy had its self-consuming side; it turned fatally to destructive introspection and wasteful personal warfare. Mr. Marlowe's theme is that Puritan influence became most sustaining when Puritanism failed politically at the Restoration; politically dead, it lived on to enliven the moral climate.

Here the reader would be glad of more historical pointing of the argument. The Protestant is not necessarily the Puritan. Part of the power of the Protestant tradition in England is that it has been rich in alternatives. Sectarianism was stimulating and even expansive. Each division brought new life. The downfall of Puritanism as an influence was its rapid transformation into materialism:

> For the Puritan conception of the Salvation of the Elect seems to have assumed that the attainment of Salvation purged the Elect of any taint of Original Sin by providing that the Divine Guidance to which the Elect had gained access was sufficient to offset the promptings of Original Sin. The inevitable effect of this view was that the Elect came to regard their works as providing their own justification. . .

Calvinism made the capitalist powerful and intolerable. But before Calvinism the feudal lord and his Church had also been intolerable for similar reasons. I am not sure why Mr. Marlowe thinks (or appears to think) that energy in itself was either so valuable or a Puritan monopoly; for the Puritan was industrious without imagination. He was a machine. The marvellous energy displayed by the Elizabethans was very different. It was certainly not Puritan and could indeed be called profligate, Italianate and reckless. The stupendous feats of the Spaniards and Portuguese did not depend on anything resembling a Puritan ethos. The virtues of thrift were known to the Genoese and the Jews and any Italian peasant worked harder than any Plymouth Brother. Was Puritanism particularly necessary to the English because we are lazy, sensual, extravagant and romantic? Or was it attractive because it satisfied the spiritual idleness of practical men of action?

The important reason (to my mind) for our attraction to Puritanism, at certain times, lies in our feeling for liberty and our conception of it as a right to an active and inviolable personal solitude. Robinson Crusoe was alone on his island: courageously alone, if self-pitying, self-justifying, and smug. The Puritans' relationship was an egotistical and solitary relationship with God. That was dangerous:

> Their habit of trying to dissociate their human nature from their approaches to God inevitably degraded their attitude to human relationships.

The Puritan desired to avoid over-involvement with the community. He loved liberty, not fraternity, not democracy. Solitary extremists of this kind appear glum and dull; but the inner life of the Puritan was not only filled with dramas of power and guilt but these were exotically coloured by his reading of the Bible. He can even be said to have become too absorbing and too interesting to himself. He was living alone a life of inner violence. Mr. Marlowe is more liberal in *his* definition. The Puritan (he says) was strongly individual and courageous, spiritually poor but morally muscular. He lived a life

> deficient in sympathy but great with responsibility; lacking in compassion but regulated with justice; fruitful in good works but arid in comradeship; well-furnished with material things but singularly lacking in beauty and grace; dependent, for all his godliness, upon material profusion and lacking in resources to compensate for material misfortune. Diligence, sobriety and obedience were the principal virtues.

But solitude made him misanthropic and misanthropy made him hypocritical.

It is part of Mr. Marlowe's thesis that a true Puritanism revived in the 19th century and was behind the greatness of the Victorian Age. It was certainly an age of the will and therefore, of violence. It contended with tumultuous underground pleasure. Respectability defined Election. The diffused Puritan influence was strong, as Mr. Marlowe says, in the Public School system but was luckily annulled to some extent in the universities. The Public Schools ignored the Fine Arts and aborted the sensibility to them by creating high-minded Philistines trained in leadership. The Puritan failure in human relationships was now carried into the Empire. We need not dwell on the traditional hostility to the theatre—a kind of pulpit jealousy—it continues and the theatre looks like being the last colony left for the educated Philistines to govern. To the puritanical mind art is an optional subject, an appendage—but so, as Mr. Marlowe says, most Englishmen regard it. The Puritan had no notion of the arts as autonomous or as intermediaries between nature and spirit.

No doubt through lack of space, Mr. Marlowe is cursory on this aspect of his subject and he has nothing to say on the Puritan influence on literature. It is perhaps not a possible subject or is too magnetising, as it was to Taine who misread English literature by finding Puritanism everywhere. Puritanism or its conflicts are strong in our autobiographical writing. Byron and Boswell cannot be understood without it. The Puritan is present in all the worry that goes on in the English novel, the dramas of guilt and conscience. Seeing things as either Right or Wrong has made our novelists poor in psychological interest. One sees the Puritan's ghost emerge histrionically in the melodramatic sub-plots of Dickens and George Eliot and in those tangles of oppressive anxiety—see *Dombey and Son*—which are the active man's unavailing attempts to get outside his own will. The Puritanism of the revival in the 19th century, was, however, a hybrid. It was Romantic. In that century there are two writers who seem to me supremely Puritan (almost in the old sense) and our hostility to them shows how far we are removed from that primitive spirit. I mean Carlyle and Ruskin. We see

* *The Puritan Tradition in English Life*. By John Marlowe. *Cresset*. 16s.

Carlyle most of the time in loud, breast-beating prayer with his Maker, ingratiating himself by hyperbolical image and by satirical jeering at the damned. He has the traditional technique of acquiring virtue from the damnation of others. No man more of the Elect, none more justified; none more committed to the gospel of work or given to pestiferous dabbling in texts. He has the Puritan fire and its picturesque blaze. Ruskin is the other great solitary, an intermediary between nature and Right and Wrong, ceaselessly active, will-driven and lost in the cadences of his meditations. From Milton to Ruskin, even to D. H. Lawrence, the Puritan had been the inebriate of verbal sound. The garrulities of Defoe, with his bemusing monotone, have something of this self-intoxicated quality. He is hymning realism to himself.

But the whole subject of Puritanism and literature cannot be discussed without reference to New England and that does not come within Mr. Marlowe's scope. There the belief was held by the majority, not by the minority, as in Britain. There Puritanism was pure and inescapable. We have had more alternatives and, if we lapsed, had no need of that dead-pan cynicism, that Puritanism in reverse, which has left its mark on popular literature in America and is specially strong in vernacular humour. A study of the Puritan tradition in American life would be far more positive and decisive, far less complex, than Mr. Marlowe is able to be. He clearly thinks a new revival would be good for us. I do not. We had far better put our industry into being clever than into being good.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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Estrangement

Was it for almost a year?
Late, late in her shabby room
Till the last bus had gone
Week after week. Her gloom.
And never his hand laid on—

Lest she should shrink in fear?—
Small breast or boyish thigh
Or short crisp hair that had
First caught his sensual eye:
"People would think us mad

To sit, doing nothing, here,"
She mocked. And summer came
And in some thicket's shade
Their long avoided game
Was played at and not played.

And then the leaves grew sere:
"Friends grow past each other!
You wanted us to be friends,
Like sister and like brother?
How raggedly it ends!"

If it could have been with a tear!
In his sentimental way
He might still have held her hands
Through a lost and hoarded day
Of summer meadowlands,

But the snub; but the cold sneer . . .!
What wish and what constraint
Had taught her lips to bite
Through his dark leafy plaint
As cuttingly as light,

Her puckering brows to peer
Past kind timidities
At killing self-regard?
Had he willed, on the whole, this?
Faint heart, and fair reward?

G. S. FRASER

Is There a Socialist Foreign Policy?

Fabian International Essays. Edited by T. E. M. MCKITTERICK and KENNETH YOUNGER. *Hogarth.* 18*s.*

Beatrice Webb used to describe how in July, 1914, a group of well-meaning friends asked her and Sidney to sign a manifesto demanding that Britain should keep out of war. The Webbs refused, explaining that they "were not experts on foreign affairs" and did not know whether we ought to go to war or not. A few days later, when the Germans invaded Belgium, the same group asked them to sign another appeal, this time supporting the war. They again explained that since they were not experts on foreign affairs, they were still unable to give advice on the subject.

Characteristically the war convinced them of the importance of foreign affairs, which the Fabians had not hitherto thought relevant to socialism. So they appointed Mr. Leonard Woolf to start research in this new field; the result was his *International Government* which lay on President Wilson's table until 1919, and which, like H. N. Brailsford's *A League of Nations*, was essential to the thinking that led to the Geneva experiment.

Today a Fabian essayist must be an international expert unless he is prepared to bombinate in a vacuum. He can plan nothing outside the framework of what Thomas Balogh, in an able contribution, calls "The Political Economy of the Cold War." He must remember with Mr. Kenneth Younger, who writes on the Far East, that the centre of political gravity is now in the Pacific, and with Mr. John Strachey, who writes on Britain's Defence Policy, that the future of socialism must be conditioned by the development of nuclear energy for peace or war. These essayists wrote before Soviet repression in Hungary had so greatly added to the problem of co-existence, or the Anglo-French invasion of Egypt had disproved the assumptions of Mr. Lowenthal's well-balanced essay on co-existence. Mr. Lowenthal writes that "quite apart from the horrors of war in a nuclear age, no democratic government would deliberately start even a local war by seizing a favourable opportunity and gambling on it. . . ." It is not his fault that M. Mollet and Sir Anthony Eden have made out-of-date his intelligent remarks about Britain's attitude to the Arab world. Like Mr. McKitterick, who contributes a thoughtful and informative essay on the Middle East, he does not underestimate the strength of the Soviet appeal to the Arabs. Both of them, would, I think, get more quickly to the heart of the matter if they saw that the Soviet offers of help—however deceptive they might prove, if accepted—sound something like this: "The West offers you 'aid,' too often with strings; we, the Russians, remind you that only a generation ago we too were poor peasants. We have made ourselves one of the two strongest powers in the world by building our own industry by our own efforts with no more than some technical advice which we hired and paid for. You don't even need to go to the West for that, because we offer it to you free of charge."

Mr. McKitterick warns us against the folly of thinking that "almost any sort of policy must be right" as long as it is anti-Soviet; to identify "anti-Western nationalism with Soviet influence is as grave a mistake as can be made. It may indeed be necessary eventually to come to terms with the nationalists in order to prevent the Soviet Union from gaining control, and to sacrifice a part of the Western interest in order to keep the rest . . ." This leads him to discuss an idea (familiar to readers of this journal) that Middle Eastern development should be based primarily on the use of the £360 million of oil royalties that now annually accrue to semi-feudal governments. He adds that without "a revision of present contracts"—I think he must mean "without a social upheaval"—"to increase oil royalties would simply mean that more money would go to the wrong people." The question today is whether the Labour Party's opposition to the Suez venture has so impressed the Arab world that it may be willing to consider mutually beneficial offers from a Socialist Prime Minister that it certainly will not from those who have been identified with Anglo-French aggression.

I wish these essayists had at the outset decided what they believe should be the aim of a Socialist Foreign Secretary. On Labour platforms you may hear a dozen contradictory assumptions. Can a Labour Foreign Secretary, reversing all the traditions of the Foreign Office and neglecting "British interests," begin at once to create an international socialist world state? The result of this assumption is rank-and-file disillusion when a Foreign Secretary, like Mr. Ernest Bevin, becomes as much absorbed as any Tory in preventing foreign powers cutting the throat of the British Empire. If Labour is to have a foreign policy, it must decide in what order it places the often contradictory demands of socialist voters. Is a Labour Foreign Secretary to champion the rights of small nations, create a working-class international, look after British vested interests, obey the United Nations, make England independent of America, create a world *bloc* against Communism, become integrated with Western Europe, or try to make England into another Sweden? Is he to do all or some of these things, and when they are inconsistent, which is to give way to which?

Mr. Denis Healey's essay on "Beyond Power Politics" comes closest to facing these basic questions. As the Labour movement has grown in strength, he says, so the concept of the brotherhood of man, which once inspired it, has weakened. "There is an element of truth in the jibe that the socialisation of the nation may mean the nationalisation of socialism. Too often today a Labour Party Conference will greet the demand for an independent foreign policy with frenzied cheers, while it hears an explanation of the sacrifices and compromises required for a collective effort in mutinous silence." His own prescription

is Fabian—that is, cautious and gradualist. He says we must establish "a collective influence over the use which states may make of their power, sufficient at least to exclude war as an instrument of policy, to maintain solidarity against external pressure and to permit a stable and expanding international economy." In short, the Western world has to find a way of co-operating in spite of its diversity and its embarrassing love of liberty. He argues cogently in favour of inter-governmental as opposed to supra-governmental forms of organisation. O.E.E.C., he believes, has been more efficient than the Schumann Plan. When Americans demand the federation of Europe, he retorts that their own civil war showed that legal fusion does not in itself overcome real economic and political differences. He sees the problem as the gradual application of democracy to foreign affairs, involving no tidy universal scheme, but rather overlapping forms of co-operation. Because Mr. Healey understands Marxism, he knows that the chances are that such hopes will be defeated by the internal contradictions of capitalism. The hope of salvation from both the horrors that shadow our world—a world nuclear war and absorption in a totalitarian society—depends on one thing. It is that fear—which alone makes the human herd bunch—may compel us to unite instead of quarrelling. In that case the Communist empire, itself not without internal contradictions, may revise its notion of co-existence. In short, the chance of a peaceful termination depends on convincing Moscow and Peking that we do not intend war and that the West can reconstruct itself. It may not be a very good answer but Mr. Healey states it persuasively and I know of no other.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

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The Bourbons of Naples. By HAROLD ACTON. *Methuen.* 50*s.*

This is the chronicle of an anachronism—the unwieldy, unwealthy Kingdom of Naples and Sicily, the beautiful and sickly stronghold of the Italian Bourbons, who postponed until 1860 the end of Italy's eighteenth century and the fall of their private *ancien régime*. Mr. Harold Acton, king of the wild frontier between historiography and literature, is amply equipped to describe this Custer's Last Stand of a dynasty; and he does so with engaging blandness. Delving into various local archives, into the Public Record Office, and into several collections of travel books, his own included, he has emerged with a teeming, tattling narrative of Neapolitan history from the accession of Don Carlos (Charles III of Spain) in 1735, to the death of his son Ferdinand ninety years later. Although lengthy, his book makes eager reading. Its pace is leisurely enough to expand and deepen the Gradgrinding "facts" of the political textbooks; but its action comes fast enough to keep the reader agog—often with the unscholarly passions of sympathy and warlike fervour. Some scholars, indeed, may be affronted by Mr. Acton's lordly rejection of "such distracting paraphernalia as footnotes": "the cult of the footnote, involving, at its apogee, a page crammed with encyclopædic detail in small type to a solitary line of text, is no doubt a proof of diligence, but it may also be a tedious form of exhibitionism." Nevertheless, despite what he calls his "regrettable deficiency in German," which cuts him off from certain secondary authorities, Mr. Acton's bibliography, as well as his text, proves him to have been diligent enough. One may quarrel with some of his sympathies, as he quarrels with those of "liberal" historians: but his facts are sound. When the story breaks off, rather than ending, in 1825, one looks around for more. A hint in the blurb implies a further volume to go on to the Risorgimento and the deposition of "King Bombino," Francis II.

To the general reader, the best known episode in Mr. Acton's story is probably the meeting of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, merry wife of Sir William, the ageing British Ambassador. This

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HEINEMANN

doting cuckold was by no means the dummy that unkind romance has often suggested; and the whole affair was at once more comic and more complicated than it usually appears. Mr. Acton's account of it, interleaved with his political chronicle, is tactful and revealing: for once, Nelson is shown to English readers from the viewpoint of his hosts—a *deus ex machina* who tended to get out of control. Both he and, later, Lord William Bentinck shocked the Bourbons by their perennially British attitude of blunt, bluff indifference to sentiments they didn't understand. One mark of Mr. Acton's dramatic skill is that we feel both the Bourbons' resentment and the British impatience with their pride, inefficiency and folly.

Naples must indeed have been puzzling and unnerving, even as it is today. Describing court intrigues, the French Ambassador Alquier spoke of "Damas coupled with Mme de Razoumovski, Saint-Clair with the Queen, and Roth, a Hessian officer, with Mme de Zichy; and the kingdom is ruled by this infamous brothel! Unless one has been an eye-witness, it is hard to believe that the loves of three ladies whose ages add to a total of one hundred and fifty-eight years could have brought about the recent crisis. . . ." And if Alquier was bitter, prejudiced and prurient, even the Sardinian Ambassador was struck by the "greed and gormandizing" of Neapolitan society, perpetually anxious to know when supper would be served. All this background, earthy and operatic, Mr. Acton delineates in detail: in the shadows, emerging now and then to cheer or pillage, the *lazzaroni*, the common people, are as ragged, vociferous and faceless as in an eighteenth-century print. The figures that chiefly stand out amid the whirl of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars are those of Sir John Acton, the royal adviser, an *Inglese italianizzato;* the Queen, Maria Carolina; and King Ferdinand, one of the biggest oafs that ever wore a crown.

The royal adviser was by origin an English Catholic gentleman: but he combined with English straightness a subtlety and flexibility that made him acceptable even when his advice was harsh. Yet, although it was the Queen who had first raised him to favour, his good advice clashed more and more with her assiduous intrigue. A tireless letter-writer—and a rich source for Mr. Acton's narrative—Maria Carolina could never forget that she was daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa, and sister of the guillotined Marie Antoinette. Despite a sneaking admiration for Napoleon, her stubborn and serpentine policies always sprang from these family sentiments. For her, Naples was scarcely a country but rather an estate into which she had been married: her people, in no sense sovereign, figure in her letters much as a set of retainers. In her, then, the old idea of monarchy can be seen in unhealthy perfection; and nowhere more grotesquely than on her nightmare journey back to Austria through the Polish winter—fêted like a queen in bare hovels, with only the myth of majesty and a few rough boards between herself and "her subjects."

The Queen, forever battered by fate and the Great Powers, at least had a touch of pathos: she, at least, did her best to rule. The King, in contrast, was a figure of farce. Alquier was told that his talents had been "stifled by a bad education": it may well be so. Sport—hunting and shooting—was his only serious interest; even when driven out of Naples to Sicily, his sole concern was to find more birds and animals to slaughter. Earlier, the Emperor Joseph II had paid him an astonished visit, which Mr. Acton describes uproariously. The young monarch chased ladies-in-waiting like a royal Harpo Marx, called his courtiers to witness his performance on the close-stool, poured water into visitors' pockets, and put marmalade in their hats. Mr. Acton makes much of the fact that Ferdinand was liked by the *lazzaroni*, who thought him very natural. But as King he did little to improve their wretched condition; and here the liberals and revolutionaries have a case that Mr. Acton scarcely meets. Monarchs, after all, should be responsible to more than family solidarity or a taste for open-air sport. The fate of the Italian Bourbons is instructive. If only to point the moral, I hope that Mr. Acton will follow their story to the end.

RICHARD MAYNE

don't go near the water

The hilarious new American Navy best-seller by William Brinkley has just been published here and is already reprinting

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Large Crown 8vo. 352 pages. 16s. net Jonathan Cape

Per Ardua

Empire of the Air. By VISCOUNT TEMPLEWOOD. *Collins.* 21*s.*

Politics is best defined as the art of getting things done. Perhaps it is because this is not an exact science reducible to essential principles which can be taught in schools and universities that its importance, its ubiquity and its inevitability are always underestimated. No idea can be realised, no cause forwarded, no abuse remedied except by political activity; and because such activity is of its nature always petty and quite often unsavoury, the contributions of political midwives to the achievement of great causes are usually tactfully ignored. In fact, the art of politics, whether academic, commercial, military or plain ministerial, can be left unstudied only by those rare and fortunate people who can rely on others to do their work for them; and it is one of the main functions of the historian to explore the political roots of great actions, however murky, devious and minute their branchings may seem. When Lord Templewood writes of the Twenties—"Political confusion, allied quarrels, strife between capital and labour—these were not subjects to stimulate historians . . ." one wonders whether he has in fact ever read any history. Such naivety may make him underestimate the very real value which these pleasantly written memoirs of his will have for historians. They tell us a lot of what we want to know.

Lord Templewood has been a politician for most of his life, and during the years covered by this book—1922–29—he was deeply implicated in two acts of midwifery in particular: the birth of the Bonar Law government, and the creation of the Royal Air Force. The first of these achievements, with its incidental destruction of the Liberal Party, was in its way as important as, if less spectacular than, the second, and those who follow with interest the frantic scurryings, the midnight meetings and the covert bargaining which have preceded the formation of every administration at least since the days of Queen Anne, will be fascinated by his account. But the bulk of the book, as its title suggests, deals with the creation of the Royal Air Force, and it is by its account of this that the work stands or falls.

The dragon-like death-grapples of American generals and admirals during the past ten years will have convinced the simplest of political and military innocents that in no sphere of public administration is political skill more necessary than in the creation, reform and administration of the armed services. In this country the struggles, if less public, have been no less intense. The combination of the Admiralty, headed by the popular and intransigent Beatty, and the Treasury, weightily supported by the dourly economical Bonar Law, was intimidating enough for the infant Air Force; but in addition it had to fight against a public indifference and mistrust headed by a ferociously traditional Monarch who took his duties as Head of the Armed Services very seriously indeed. Against these ominous adversaries the Air Ministry's principal asset was, of course, the visionary and dominating Trenchard, who not only devised the whole nature and structure of the R.A.F. but, by sheer force of personality, won parity of esteem with the chiefs of the two senior services; no mean feat with Beatty as First Sea Lord. But it is doubtful how much even this giant figure could have achieved without the political acumen of his Minister, Samuel Hoare: his ability in managing committees, his wisdom in enlisting such weighty experts as Haldane and Hankey, his energy and physical courage in undertaking as a matter of course constant spectacular, arduous, and often dangerous journeys by air. And one must remember the enthusiastic activity of that archetypal figure of the 1920s, Lady Maud Hoare, in seconding and popularising the work of her husband; activity of a type which must not be underestimated.

For as with every reform in England, political success is barren unless the successful cause is taken up and assimilated by the Right People. The basic reason why our State educational system, on paper one of the finest in the world, has failed to create equality of opportunity is that no Minister of Education has ever really attempted to win for it, in realistic social terms, parity of esteem. It was not enough, in this absurd country, to make State schools efficient: they should also have been made smart, in the way in which the Hoares set out to make the Air Force smart. A comparable failure would have left the Air Minister President of an Aviation Board, and the Air Force a useful but subordinate branch of the senior services, with the social prestige of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers: technically superb perhaps, but—let's face it—dim. But the Hoares pulled out all the social stops. They hammered remorselessly at Buckingham Palace; they stayed with, talked to, and converted the Right People; and Lord Templewood chose for his associates in the Air Ministry the Duke of Sutherland and Sir Philip Sassoon, whose hospitality, enthusiasm and social position made aviation a huge social—and therefore popular—success. By 1939 it was at least as smart to go into the R.A.F. as into a good county regiment, and that, in twentieth-century England, was an astonishing achievement for twenty-five years.

Two reflections arise from this. First, it is far easier to secure major reforms if one works with the social grain of a country rather than against it, and shamelessly uses even the most absurd social anomalies to forward one's aims. Second, England,

in the Twenties, still depended very largely on the Whig tradition of independent wealth and bizarre unconventionality to keep her institutions—as she did her arts—flexible and progressive. The adventurous antics of Sir Samuel and Lady Maud, of Sutherland and Sassoon, were comparable to the agrarian and mechanical experiments of the eighteenth-century aristocracy: original and inquiring people with deep roots outside the political system for which they were working but on which they were in no way dependent. Very similar, a generation earlier, had been the activity of that other great amateur, Lord Esher. They are qualities with which we must now learn to dispense; but they are disappearing at an unfortunate moment. We are faced with the need to carry out reforms of our defence structure, compared with which the creation of the R.A.F. was a minor administrative detail. To overcome those old enemies, inertia and unthinking traditionalism, and create a rational armed force suited to our needs, we require reformers who will combine the independence of Esher, the vision of Trenchard and the political skill of Templewood himself. It is a formidable standard for Mr. Duncan Sandys.

MICHAEL HOWARD

Living in the Present

Picasso. By FRANK ELGAR and ROBERT MAILLARD. *Thames & Hudson.* 25*s.*

The effect even of good writing about modern art—and this book about Picasso is good—is often chiefly to remind one that the task of finding words to fit twentieth-century painting is still a baffling one. We may value the great seminal achievements of forty and fifty years ago. We may possibly even understand them. But to communicate our understanding in words—that is still a puzzle. Cubist pictures are loved and prized. But what are they *about*? If it is possible to call early cubism analytical (as it now generally is called), what was being analysed? Surely not the forms of the subject. It is not by any means clear that cubism was, at root, interested in form.

In cubist pictures recognisable emblems may be displayed to show that real forms are being treated, but what occupies the attention is the look of the treatment. Analysis, of a kind, may be going on. But what are being analysed are evidently the character of various pictorial means and their capacity to serve as pictorial ends. The brush strokes, the mutations of tone and the patterns of facets which they make do not, at their most characteristic, model form; they rather convey the *look* of modelling, disembodied. Picasso and Braque in their momentous collaboration were evolving a way (and not a merely personal or subjective one) of analysing the character of current styles of visual analysis—their character as pure pictorial invention, as pictorial actions in their own right.

Behind the words and ideas applied to modern painting, one of the realities which words ill cover is the emerging awareness of a certain kind of action. The contemporary critics who have supposed that the essence of the modern achievement has been to liberate form from content, or architecture from representation, or idea from image (however they put it), took too simple a view. In fact, all the visible qualities of art have proved separable and expendable. All, it seems, even those of the gravest import, have been open to disposal, in the interests of testing the nature of whatever it is underlies them. Form-making, pattern-making and image-making are all no more than incidental constituents of an act with a character of its own, and a quality of natural force.

The characteristic painter of the age apparently confronts us with the product not of skill or sense, but of libido. The seriousness of art no longer lies in its sensible gravity: the painters seem to be at play. They play with style, teasing it callously, mimicking its poker-faced con-

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sistency and its comic repeating tic. They tease it to death, and it collapses, breaking in pieces as it falls. Its fragments litter the scene, ready to hand and ready for use in the liberated wit, the jazz and the punning which are the new richness of painting. Broken open as if in play style has revealed its essence, the yolk of the egg, the germ of action that transmits the life.

It is immaterial (or so he seems to claim) what this painter does—he will do anything, and eventually everything, to prove it. The thing that matters, the thing he is defiant about, is what he *is*. Picasso's defiance—the side of him which announces that he is what he is, and tells us that he does not seek but finds—has compelled his time to recognise the natural force which the pictorial act can hold in itself, and compelled it to change its view of art to suit. There is for the moment no other pictorial meaning than the meaning of this basic act. We now recognise the capacity for it as the essential capacity of great artists of every time. We notice it wherever Picasso chooses to point.

It could be expected that this manifestation would land up in serious expressionism. And so it does, repeatedly. What is remarkable is that expressionism is only one of a dozen stopping places. Not only emotional expression, but the whole faculty of painterly invention, and the resources of conception and symbol, and the habit, endemic in Western painting, of revaluing periodically its own classic tradition—all take on a new significance. Nothing remains meaningless except æsthetics. Successive possibilities are no sooner verified than discarded, or laid away: painting, as he says, to unload himself, Picasso shows a dazzling recklessness. It is his pride to extemporise his life work, living in the present, as a proof that each style and each day is as good as the last for art to display its processes of excretion and ejaculation.

The century is galvanised by a series of terrific kicks from that radical part of a man in which pictorial meaning is conceived. Each is a compelling demonstration. See, is the message, it will work this way! And that way, and this other! Whichever the direction and whatever the manner, the pictorial organ, emitting infallibly its characteristic essence, proves the point.

Eventually Picasso's world is tempted to believe that no kind of mark can be made on a surface without involuntarily transmitting meaning, perhaps all the meaning of whoever makes it. We can blame Picasso, ultimately, not only for the most electrifying but for the dullest of pictures. It is due more to him than to any other man that modern painting has set about its series of experiments, probably by no means finished, in the character of artistic intention. The course continually raises appallingly intelligent, yet obtuse questions—the question, for example, of whether the art in art, the real act, if it be so far beyond intention and deliberation, is not positively accidental—questions which are now very apt to educate and kill the painting goose before it lays its naive golden egg. Only the great inspire such profound reflections and follies; only the greatest remain immune from their effects and free.

Not many tributes to Picasso have been better than this international book. It is not only unusually successful: it is unusually cheap. The book contains, in addition to the plates, a critical essay by Mr. Frank Elgar, which is excellent, and a biography (unluckily rather a dull one) designed to be read alongside it. Each page of text is ingeniously divided between the two contributions; the result is often helpful, and not much more confusing than the make-up of most art books. The colour-plates are numerous and excellent. Art-publishing has rarely done so well at any price.

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Tauromachy

Suit of Lights. By VINCENT HITCHCOCK. *Muller.* 16*s.*

The Magic World of the Bull-Fighter. By ANTONIO DIAZ-CANABATE. *Burke.* 25*s.*

Bull-fighting, like many things Spanish, is a unique survival. The taurine world is still—almost—outside of time. Apart from the peculiar fascination—or repulsion—of its death-obsessed ritual, you can compare it to a spiritual or psychical junction, a Bletchley of the imagination: change here for Rome, Mithras, the Middle Ages, and the original Picaresque. The lives of bull-fighters are always worth reading about. Any book, however crude, which provides information about them is welcome, and more valuable than a faked-up piece of fiction such as Frank Harris's grossly over-praised story *Montes the Matador*. Both these books need to be read with indulgence but each tells you something.

Mr. Hitchcock is the only Englishman known to have become a professional bull-fighter in Spain. The son of a diamond merchant who lives at Westcliff-on-Sea, he had no Iberian connections of any kind, though he looks rather like Luis Miguel Dominguin. He saw his first bull-fight in La Linea when he was assistant purser in a British India Line ship, after having been disembarked at Gibraltar with acute appendicitis. It did something to him. Four years later he went back to Spain with a few pounds in his pocket, determined to be a bull-fighter. Back in La Linea he went through the usual classic stages of apprenticeship though rather later than most native Spanish toreros in embryo. He dodged the guards and trespassed dangerously on to the ranches to play young bulls by moonlight—a most reprehensible practice, for it gives the bulls useful experience of the cloak which they never forget. By day he spivved his way along, doing a little casual building labour, selling silk stockings, filching meat from market stalls for himself and his chums and hiding it in his trousers. During a winter in Madrid he worked in a slaughter house for practice. Gradually he attracted the attention of the bullfight impresarios and was billed as "*el Ingles*." At his debut in La Linea he was awarded both ears and the tail. Very often tossed and gored, he certainly does not seem to have lacked courage, the first of the three essential qualities for a torero, though he could never quite make the grade in the other two: grace and skill. Finally, in 1952, partly because he wanted to get married, partly perhaps because he realised the truth of Ortega's dictum: *Dar pases no es lo mismo que torear;* he gave it up. What a book he might have given us if only he could write! As it is we have to ferret out what we are after by intuition and implication among the stiff, cliché-ridden, suburban sentences, the business manual style: "Subsequently we met each evening prior to the show . . ." Nevertheless, stilted, and often maddeningly, almost suspiciously, incomplete though he is, he is worth reading, a genuine if minor contribution to tauromachy.

Don Antonio would disapprove strongly of *el Ingles's* retirement. Aficionado and bull-fight critic of the old school, he writes a regular column called "The Planet of the Bulls," and reminds you rather of Curro in Ibanez's *Blood and Sand*; he is full of warnings of how women sap the torero's virility and bulls must come first. His book consists of four biographical studies of Belmonte, Ortega, Manolete, and Dominguin.

About the amours of the dashing young Luis Miguel he provides much detailed reportage, gallantly but quite ineffectively trying to conceal one or two Hollywood identities. He is most at home, perhaps, with the genial veteran Ortega, one of the intellectual bull-fighters; the personality of Manolete, "the Monster," that tragic, lanky, saturnine Cordovan, eludes him. But he gives off a powerful atmosphere. It is easy to imagine him after a 700-mile drive in a huge ancient Hispano sitting down at a café in a small remote town to play a real card game with the Tarot pack. He is particularly good at catching the *genius loci*, like so many Spaniards who, as Ford points out, are as proud of their regional geographies and climates "as if they had made them themselves." His publisher deserves to be put in the ring against the strongest and cunningest Miura bull for allowing him to appear spattered all over with misprint and mis-spellings and in a translation which persistently and quite unaccountably renders "señor" as "signor."

MAURICE RICHARDSON

New Novels

Happy as Larry. By THOMAS HINDE. *Macgibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*

The Spider's House. By PAUL BOWLES. *Macdonald.* 16*s.*

Lines of Life. By FRANÇOIS MAURIAC. Translated by GERARD HOPKINS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Novel-reviewing is an improbable activity, which, until this week, I had managed to avoid for ten years, with great benefit to my self-esteem. I am not quite abreast. Yet on my horizon, too, have risen such luminaries as Mr. Chandler and Mr. Bradbury, Miss McCarthy and Mr. Bowles, Mr. Salinger, Mr. Amis and the Wilsons. Some of these already give less light. They are fast-burning stars. Last year's liveliest rays were shed by Miss Macaulay, an established novelist in 1920. *Destins* appeared eight years later. There was, I believe, at the time an English translation called *Destinies*. This would account for Mr. Hopkins's new version receiving an odd title which seems to ascribe to Mauriac an interest in palmistry. Its central male figure, Bob Lagave, is an excessively good-looking young French cad of the wine-and-pine country, Mauriac's own region.

That was the Scott Fitzgerald age. Thirty years later, what I hear called "the Movement" is again concerned with caddishness. Mr. Hinde is very much in the Movement. He is not, I understand, himself a scholarship boy and may be suspected of slumming, but his very title (I mean

the title of his book) seems like a derivation from *Lucky Jim*. Larry Vincent is a crazy mixed-up kid of not less than thirty. When Amis-like slapstick is not in progress, there is a suggestion that his odd doings show his exceptional, naive integrity, and one suspects (here the child is father to the man) affiliations with the enchanting *Catcher in the Rye*.

I did not read the earlier *Mr. Nicholas*, but *Happy as Larry* suggests that, while Mr. Hinde can be extremely amusing when he is in form, he lacks stamina and even coherence (and does not even read his proofs with care). His characters are vividly and even movingly observed, but the reasons for what they do and their positions with regard to each other I find quite unconvincing. This all seems to accord with the new definition of honesty as the avoidance of priggishness or any kind of pompous attitude.

Mr. Bowles's main characters are an American novelist in Morocco, a foot-loose American girl and an Arab boy, Amar, in whom again we are to find Salingeresque integrity. Things are blowing up to a crisis in Fez. Amar is at first presented as a brave little thug. Later we find that he loves the old ways of Islam and that he discovers them to be in equal danger from the French and the nationalists. The novelist shares this view. The real cad is the girl, who believes in the future.

I am not sure that Mr. Bowles ought to be allowed large canvases. His is, to my mind, a lyrical gift. His sensuous apprehensions, his flashes of emotional insight, his ability to create a local atmosphere, are impressive. The sharply defined structure his Prologue hints at deliquesces slowly. Over the torrid scene broods a documentary spirit, and propaganda's ugly finger wags.

The novelist had been a commie, but knows better now. The French are uniformly unpleasant. The two English, Moss and Kenzie (odd names and the former a multi-millionaire), are sensitive but ineffectual (the French are tough and efficient). Their syntax has also degenerated, under American influence. One is quickly bemused with bits of Arabic. Amar is a *cherif*. He wears a *djellaba* and plays on (was it?) a *naq*. One is daunted by this palpable authenticity, but then, since Mr. Bowles sometimes gets the dialogue of his "typical British drips" wrong, may he not also . . . ? I am sure that Mr. Bowles understands Arabs better than the usual Liberal international experts and journalists. If he was in fact present during large-scale riots of this kind, it might have been wiser of him to take time off and do their kind of book than to compromise his own real gifts as a novelist.

Destins was the last novel Mauriac wrote before some kind of crisis made him consciously a Catholic novelist. The vein of anti-pietistic (never, I think, anti-clerical) revolt has found expression since, but at this time it lay near the surface, and the five novels, *Le Baiser au Lépreux*, *Génitrix*, *Le Désert de L'Amour*, *Thérèse Desqueyroux* and *Destins*, may well come to seem the work of Mauriac's great period. The pines murmur all night. The sun blazes all day, and sometimes the vines catch fire. Greed, lust and maternal power smoulder and lie awake. The soul rots. Religion comes in like a vinegar bacillus getting into the wine.

A translator of Mr. Hopkins's eminence must be allowed his eccentricities, but I cannot think why he should reduce the gangling Pierre, Mme Gornac's unattractive son, to a dwarf of four feet six. I have done this little sum a number of times, and each time it seems to me that "*un mètre quatre-vingts*" is more like five feet eleven, tall for a Frenchman even today, tall enough, at any rate, for his mother to have to stand on tip-toe to kiss Pierre when he comes home so inopportunely. And then there is a passage in which, after this pious youth has poured all the dirt about Bob into his girl's ear and before Bob hits him, Mauriac puts everything into the present tense for two pages and snaps out of it suddenly at the blow. Mr. Hopkins bashes on regardless. A very telling effect has been destroyed. Nor did I care for such redundancies as "the natural sweetness of his nature," which is not in any case quite right for the "*gentillesse naturelle*" of a boy spoilt by women's attentions. On the other hand, the most difficult scene in the book, that in which Mme Gornac (in middle-aged love with Bob and snatching a moment from her own difficulties to visit and reassure him about the breach her son has caused) finds him drunk in bed and in the mood to offer to "slip her a length," Mr. Hopkins manages extremely well.

Destins was a first-rate piece of novel-writing. The frequently suggested comparison with Colette's contemporaneous *Chéri* is to Colette's advantage, because her human response was deeper and she did not care in the least about an abstractly formulated "sin." Yet Mauriac, in those days, was a wonderful story-teller, and his tortured autobiography (like Colette's) helped.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

Loud And Bold

Homeric Renaissance. By GEORGE DE F. LORD. *Chatto & Windus.* 18*s*.

Of all the Elizabethans Chapman was the most responsive to the esoteric in literature. Nothing could be more barbarous, he thought, than that "poetry should be as pervial as Oratory"; and he declared that where obscurity "shroudeth itself in the heart of his subject . . . with that darkness will I still labour to be shadowed." It was this temper that he brought to Homer. "Rich minerals," he had once assured his friend Matthew Roydon, "are digged out of the bowels of the earth, not found in the superficies and dust of it." The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* required not merely translation; they required excavation as well.

Homer is not now very readily thought of as the supreme didactic and allegorical poet. We may agree with Chapman when he praises the delicate art in the "familiar and near wanton carriage of Nausicaa to her father, joined with that virgin modesty expressed in her after." But when he adds that it is not "more worthy the observation than other everywhere strewed flowers of precept," we are likely to feel that his vision of Homer is altogether more homiletic than ours. Nevertheless, it was a vision prescriptive in his age. Indeed commentary upon Homer had been preponderantly ethical from the beginning. When Chapman asserted that he had a special understanding of the *Odyssey*, he was saying that, among the many excavations achieved, his own had brought the purest ore to the surface. Everybody knew that in Ulysses Homer had been concerned to depict an exemplary prince. Chapman had arrived at a deeper knowledge of how Homer set about it, and his Englishing of the poem was to give the world the benefit of this profounder view. Professor Lord's absorbingly interesting book is concerned to clarify, and largely to vindicate, Chapman's reading.

Ulysses does not start as an exemplary character; rather, it is his task to finish as one. After the fall of Troy he is deeply divided within himself, torn between passion and judgment; so that Ithaca is the goal of a spiritual pilgrimage as well as the terminus of a voyage:

> Chapman, in fact, saw Ulysses as an emergent, dynamic character, one beset by passions that constantly threatened to destroy him, but struggling through repeated failures toward an ideal which he very gradually discovered in the process.

In this, then, lies Chapman's revelation of Homer's concealed mysteries. It would not appear altogether novel, certainly, to readers of the *Faerie Queene*. But is it Homer? Professor Lord, while admitting that "the conception of Ulysses as a character beset with human faults which he gradually overcomes" is "a novel one in the history of Homeric criticisms," nevertheless speaks out loud and bold in the affirmative; Chapman, he declares, "was faithful to the essence of Homer's conception." However this may be—and it is a question upon which only classical scholars can pronounce—his book is of the greatest value simply as a study, made by a writer who displays himself as thoroughly conversant with the original, of one of the great English versions of Homer. There is already a considerable body of appreciative and discriminating writing on the Tudor translators. But the present book, I think, sets a new standard in the critical study of a single work.

J. I. M. STEWART

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COLLINS

Margaret Cavendish, in fact, although often perplexed, was never daunted. Indeed the moral that her life seems to point is the old one that you can do whatever you like if you make up your mind to it. Of course, the moral takes no account of the quality of the work done and much, indeed most, of what the Duchess wrote was absurdly below either what she intended or what she thought that she had achieved. The education she had received from "one ancient decayed gentlewoman" hardly allowed for more. But she had, above all, imagination—imagination to see what new marvels of knowledge were being enjoyed by the men of her age and class, the men of the Royal Society, and to determine to share their pleasure. And, besides imagination, she had fancy—a strange, fresh, childish fancy that piled images and conceits and marvels one upon another, strewing even her dullest, most prolix, most absurd writings with sudden bright delights.

Her boldness and her absurdity, of course, was not so much in writing—other aristocratic ladies did this and did it better perhaps—but in publishing. Even the tougher, equally odd, equally ridiculed Lady Mary Wortley Montagu did not dare to do this except anonymously over half a century later. Margaret Cavendish, it is true, was helped in her ambition perhaps by her upbringing, probably by the troubled times she lived in, certainly by her marriage. If her education by the one ancient decayed gentlewoman was less than most girls of good birth then received, she was lucky in her mother. Elizabeth Lucas, the competent manager of the large Lucas estates in Essex, was unusual in believing that her children should be unrestrained and happy. Margaret was given full rein for her childish scribblings. The years of exile, too, which Margaret, born of the loyal Lucases and married into the loyal Cavendishes, suffered for the royal cause probably allowed her eccentric behaviour to pass less censured than would have been possible in peacetime. In any case, but for the disturbed events of 1642 this odd but shy aristocratic girl would never have taken service with Henrietta Maria nor met the great Duke of Newcastle. It was, however, her marriage to the Duke which really gave her licence. William Cavendish gave her an entry into the world of ideas that so fired her fantasy. In his company, and that of his brother Charles Cavendish, she heard, if she never comprehended, both Hobbes and Descartes. The Duke indulged and protected his wife's scribbling whim and, if people laughed at her, it could only be behind her back, for the Newcastles were too great a family to receive other than obsequious adulation in public. And so the Duchess produced her voluminous works —her *Philosophical Fancies*, *The World's Olio*, *Nature's Pictures drawn by Fancie's Pencil to the Life*, *The Description of a New Blazing World*. If Pepys and Lucy Hutchinson found only stuff for ridicule, it was left to Lamb and Virginia Woolf—both devotees of small charms in literature—to record the jewels that lay hidden in the mountains of dull stone. It is pleasing, nevertheless, that she should chiefly be remembered by her admirable tribute to the husband who made her bid for eternal "reputation" possible.

Mr. Grant's stated intention in his biography is to extend and restore the Duchess's reputation. He succeeds in making this shy, oddly dressed, exhibitionistic, talented woman likeable, even worthy of respect. His first chapter describing her famous visit to the Royal Society in 1667 is a delightful *tour de force*. Unfortunately the rest of the book which recapitulates her life and assesses her work comes as a slight but long anti-climax. Her character is fascinating; her work is a curiosity, but her life—despite the penurious, courageous years of exile in Antwerp —is too uneventful. She avoided most of the horrors of the Civil War itself and when she returned to England, the days of the great cavaliers were over. She was an oddity off stage.

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LAWRENCE & WISHART

A Family Saga

The Fountain Overflows. By REBECCA WEST. *Macmillan.* 16*s.*

This large, handsome and most reasonably priced book is Miss Rebecca West's first novel for 20 years. Its title is rather ominous, for the fountain is intended to overflow into a *roman fleuve* of dimensions daunting to conjecture. Since the first volume covers about five years up to, say, 1908, and the whole work is to extend to the end of the Second World War, there is an arithmetical expectation of seven or eight more volumes.

It deals with the life of an insecure Edwardian family. Pappa is a disgraced scion of Irish county stock, Mamma a former concert pianist. There are three daughters and a rather oppressively charming son. Pappa is a journalist, a sort of conservative Jeremiah, expounding prophetic gloom. His disgrace does not stem from drink, nor, to any real extent, from women, but from his unreliability and disloyalty and his obsessive addiction to stock-market gambling. Mamma's task is to fend off the broker's men, get some of the bills paid in the end and conduct the children's musical education. The action is mainly confined to the family circle: for there is no social life to speak of, Pappa's work is a distant mystery and school exists only to make the daughters aware of their difference from everybody else. It begins with the family's move to London and ends with Pappa's abrupt and total departure and the girls' embarkation on their musical careers. It is leisurely, ample and at times a little soporific.

Miss West's special qualities, here and elsewhere, are an adventurously generalising intelligence, a tendency to spacious rhetoric and a very pronounced sense of who's who and what's what. Since the narrator is one of the daughters there is something of a struggle between the first and most impressive of these qualities and the author's desire not to make her adolescent mouthpiece too obscenely precocious. Despite occasional recourse to the standpoint of subsequent maturity ("I was later to realise that . . .") this struggle winds up as a draw. On the one hand Miss West's capacity for general reflection is constricted by the nature of the medium in which it is exercised, on the other Rose comes out as implausibly critical and intelligent: blue stockings emerge disquietingly from her rompers.

The rhetoric that is so noticeable in Miss West's political writing is also at a disadvantage here. Pappa is essentially a remote and mysterious figure, he is turned in on himself and his centre of gravity is well outside the circumference of the family circle. But eventually he gets an innings with a reverberating outburst about the identification of politics and criminality that lies ahead for the world. (As a prophet he does not quite rise to the indigestibly absurd accuracy of the hero of Wyndham Lewis's *Self-Condemned*, but he is in the same class of geniuses by hindsight.) Mamma, again, is at first presented as a faintly ludicrous figure—exhausted, oddly dressed and strenuously engaged in making the best of a series of impossible situations, papering over the cracks in her abused ideal of respectability and throwing up flimsy pretences that soon cave in to her children's analytic penetration. However, as time and the story roll in, she acquires grandeur by her sustained loyalty to musical standards and to honesty in family life. Finally her principles become articulate and painfully earned grandiloquence is released. After the musical incompetence of her eldest daughter has been brutally shown up, she addresses the others, complacent in the vindication of their opinion:

> "Your father's writing, my playing, and whatever goes with those things, and the enjoyment we have had, are no compensation to her for what she has lost. Now, do not dare to despise her for this desire to be commonplace, to be secure, to throw away what we have of distinction. It is not she who is odd in hating poverty and"—she felt for the word—"eccentricity. It is you who are odd in not hating them. Be thankful for this oddity, which has brought you safe through terrible years. But do not think you owe it to any virtue in yourselves. You owe it entirely to your musical gifts. The music I have taught you to play must have made you realise that there is a great deal in life which is not affected by what happens to you. Also the technique has been more help to you than you realise. If you are not soft, it is because the technique you have mastered, such as it is, has hardened you. If God had not made you able to play you would be as helpless as Cordelia, and it is not her fault but God's that she cannot play, and as God has no faults let us now drop the subject."

The book contains a profusion of musical technicalities, now and then Mamma breaks into a hypnotically professional spate of reproof, the set-up is confirmed by ruthlessly final judgments from men with Central European names: but an air of rather snobbish humbug persists. Miss West has always been given to putting her characters firmly and crushingly in their place. In *The Harsh Voice*, for example, it is done with admirable and odious precision. But musical capacity is too small a lever for the task. Of all human talents it is the most isolated, the most rarely associated with other grounds for admiration. Is there any other definable human group, for example, more galumphingly humourless than the devotees of serious music; is there any spectacle more painfully embarrassing, anything more leadenly heavy footed, than musicians making fun of their art?

On the whole what is most surprising in so massive a book is the homogeneity of its texture, the way in which the same points are made again and again. As a result the characters are comparatively colourless and incomplete: Mamma alone has any living complexity. By itself *The Fountain Overflows* is a bit disappointing. A great deal of apparatus is assembled for rather a small result. But a final judgment cannot be attempted till its successors are available and its place in the whole can be seen.

ANTHONY QUINTON

Gramophone Records

THE Budapest Quartet has recently begun to record the complete Beethoven Quartets for Philips. So far only three discs have reached me, but they suggest that these players are more at home in the early than in the late works. Opus 18, numbers 1 and 2 are available on a twelve-inch disc, 3 and 4 on a ten-inch disc and the performances of all of them are absolutely delightful. Crisp and gay yet never brittle, elegant yet never precious, polished yet full of vitality, the quartet plays with extraordinary neatness and finish, wonderful rhythmic alertness and bite, unobtrusive brilliance and real sense of style. Only in the slow movement of the F major does there seem a slight lack of emotional weight. Alas! in the late A minor Quartet (Op. 132) this trifling shadow emerges as a real failing. The playing here is marked by the same impressive accomplishment and the allegro finale is carried off in fine style. But there is a curious lack of any real relation to the world of late Beethoven, and this becomes particularly evident in the central movement which demands, but does not get, a mood of rapt *Innigkeit*. The recordings are clear, immediate and a little hard.

Three famous violinists have recently tried their hand at the Kreutzer Sonata: David Oistrakh *with* Lev Oborine on a ten-inch Columbia, Giaconda de Vito and Tito Aprea on a twelve-inch HMV, while Menuhin and Kentner give a performance that forms part of their HMV set of Beethoven violin sonatas. Choice is difficult. For sheer virtuosity Oistrakh is miles ahead of his rivals and his brilliant finale is certainly the best of the three. Yet if his playing is agreeably straightforward and unaffected it is also rather cool and detached, and this tells against him in the slow movement. In addition his accompanist remains, as their billing suggests, very much an accompanist, and the recording of the piano is markedly inferior. Menuhin is the complete reverse, for technically he is far from irreproachable and his performance suffers from far too much "interpretation." Tempi are unendurably erratic and constant *ritardandi* completely destroy such rhythmic impulse as there is. Kentner has good moments, but his playing lacks Beethovenian solidity. This well-recorded twelve-inch disc also contains a rather over-elaborate performance of the Sonata, Op. 30, No. 3 in G major. (See also below.) De Vito takes the whole of a twelve-inch disc and her finale is a bit earthbound in comparison with Oistrakh's. But she gives a deeply felt performance of the slow movement and her first movement is truly Beethovenian in temper. Enthusiasts for fiddling *an sich* will prefer Oistrakh, but the fine musicianship of de Vito's performance makes that my choice.

The Trio di Trieste, excellently recorded on Decca, give an urbane and polished account of Beethoven's "Geister" Trio in D major. But for all their accomplishment the performance is enervating. Their phrasing has a certain sensitivity, but they recline on a phrase instead of thrusting it forward. DGG have issued a rather more satisfactory performance by the Trio Santoliquido, which is equally well recorded with the strings slightly more forward. They share the smooth manners of the Trio di Trieste but come nearer to playing the opening movement "vivace e con brio." This performance is coupled with a delightful account of the Variations on *Ich bin der Schneider Kakadu*, whereas on the other side of the Decca disc the Trio di Trieste offer a polished but fatally dinky performance of Mozart's E flat Trio (K542) that gives no conception of the work's stature.

There is a most welcome lack of preciousness of this sort about two Vox discs containing excellent performances of Mozart quartets (K387 goes with K421, and K499 with K575) played by the Barchet Quartet. They will certainly not appeal to those who like to listen to Mozart in an aura of candlelit nostalgia for the vanished graces of an age of elegance, for this quartet attacks the music in a direct, fresh, vigorous manner. Indeed, they do, perhaps, carry this approach a little far, so that in the slow movements their anxiety to avoid sentiment leads to passages that are a bit matter-of-fact, and they do tend to lack the sensuous glow that is such an essential part of Mozart. But in every other way these are most satisfying performances. The recording is clear but a bit gramophoney.

The same quartet, joined by Friedrich Wührer, gives a delightfully fresh and lively account of Schubert's Trout Quintet on Vox. Wührer's crisp and rhythmically alert playing is particularly enjoyable and the performance as a whole has a rustic vigour lacking in the more refined approach of, say, the Vienna Octet. On the other hand, the Viennese strings have a much more silky tone and more graceful style. The disc, which is well recorded, also contains a little Nocturne for piano trio that does not quite fulfil the promise of its charming opening.

The Trio Santoliquido give a polished, suave and admirably recorded account of the Schubert B flat Trio on DGG. But the performance is in the main insufficiently robust and wholehearted, so that the opening of the first movement seems to conjure up a vision of three well-born old ladies taking the air in the parks of Baden-Baden rather than of a young man bounding through the Wienerwald. A performance of the Schubert Octet by members of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra is even more lacking in joyfulness. The strings in particular are horribly stiff and *korrekt*, and only a superb clarinetist shows real feeling for the music. Except for the opening bars recording and balance are first rate.

Philips have issued a wonderful Prades performance of the Schubert C major Quintet by a group of distinguished players headed by Casals that almost challenges the now famous Hollywood Quartet performance on Capitol. The advantages of the Philips disc is a warmer recording and slightly more differentiation of the parts, a glorious melodic impulse at the opening of the adagio and a stronger, more rhythmic scherzo. None the less, I incline marginally to the old Hollywood performance which is slightly fresher in approach. In the turbulent F minor section of the slow movement both the long line of the first violin and the rhythmic undercurrent of the 'celli are played in a masterly fashion. And the hushed quality of sound and rapt concentration that they bring to the trio are unforgettable. Those slow descending phrases penetrate a world of profound tragedy. It is appalling to think that such music could be written by a man of only thirty years of age.

Outstanding among recent recordings of Brahms's chamber music is the A major Piano Quartet played by Clifford Curzon and the Budapest Quartet. From the opening bars Curzon seizes hold of the pulse of the music and, without ever forcing the pace, impels it forward with powerful momentum. There is no sign of the old stick-in-the-mud approach to Brahms here. Although the violinist is most eloquent the strings give able rather than inspired support. The recording of the piano is satisfactory, but the strings do not always sound ingratiating. The Trio di Trieste, whose performance of the C major Trio, backed by the Haydn Trio in G major (Op. 73, No. 2), is beautifully recorded by Decca, approach Brahms in a far gentler fashion that its admirers would doubtless describe as lyrical. But I must confess that I found their playing feeble and their phrasing sluggish, and that they communicate no sense of the music's architecture.

Szymon Goldberg and Artur Balsam give finely conceived and gripping performances of the Brahms G major and A major violin sonatas on Brunswick. Goldberg does not perhaps quite attain the lyrical beauty of de Vito's playing in the adagio of the G major, but he delivers the opening movement with really remarkable power and passion as well as with complete technical mastery. Where Fischer's playing is full of

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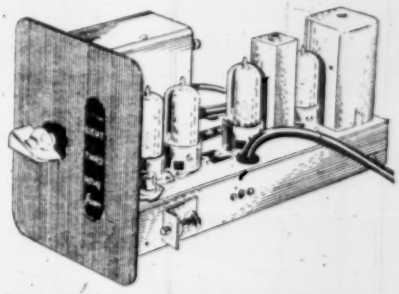

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autumnal tints, Balsam is almost crisp and steely but, like Goldberg, he has complete intellectual grasp of the music and gives it splendid impetus. The recording is just adequate, and the piano is insufficiently prominent, but for those who like their Brahms passionate and dramatic, these performances are outstanding. The D minor violin sonata is available on DGG played by Schneiderhahn and Wührer. They are a shade less vehement than de Vito and Fischer, but Schneiderhahn's line is a little purer and more even. There is, however, not much to choose between two fine performances. This excellently recorded DGG disc also contains a fresh performance of Beethoven's Violin Sonata in G major (Op. 30, No. 3) by Schneiderhahn and Kempff who, unlike Menuhin and Kentner, play it for the straightforward little piece it is. Antoine de Bavier and Andrzej Wasowski give affectionate performances of Brahms's two late clarinet sonatas on a well-recorded DGG disc. De Bavier's tone is occasionally a bit forced, but he phrases beautifully and in general his playing has a mellifluousness well suited to this tender, gentle music.

Hugo Wolf is not usually considered to form part of the Viennese tradition of chamber music. But he did in fact write a vast, adolescent quartet in which Wagner and late Beethoven struggle for mastery amid a welter of Mahlerian directions to the players. A performance of this intense and exhausting music (which contains a number of eloquent but isolated passages) is available on a Philips disc, whose sound is adequate apart from occasional background roar. It is coupled with a hatefully slick account of the "Italian Serenade", which lacks any sense of grace or humour.

PETER HEYWORTH

An abridgement of the last three volumes of Professor Toynbee's *Study of History* (vols. VII-X) has been made by D. C. Somervell and will be published on the 15th of next month (Oxford, 25s.). The book contains a 40-page "Argument" summarising the course of the whole work. S. J. Curtis and M. E. A. Boultwood's *Short History of Educational Ideas*, surveying the development of educational practice from Plato to Bedales, has appeared in a revised and enlarged edition (University Tutorial Press, 21s.). Other reprints include Cecil Roth's *The Jewish Contribution to Civilisation* (East and West Library, 15s.) and Mr. Nehru's *Discovery of India* (Meridian Books, 6s.).

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,404

Set by John Pomfret

The usual prizes are offered for an excerpt from a novel entitled *The Countess of Monte-Carlo* by any one of the following: Dumas, Mark Twain, Sir Walter Scott, Baroness Orczy, Sir Arthur Conan-Doyle, Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, P. G. Wodehouse or Randolph Churchill. Limit 150 words; entries by February 5.

Result of No. 1,401

Set by Holy Willie

"Scotland Slipping Away from Hogmanay?" queried the *Manchester Guardian* this week, reporting an "eerie midnight silence in Glasgow." The usual prizes are offered for any two verses from an Elegy for Hogmanay in the Burns stanza.

Report

Sin' Holy Billie had his say,
Auld Alba's tint her Hogmanay
An' turns nae mair tae usquebae
Her drouth tae solace,
But doucely hauds her Christmas Day
Wi' Coca-Colas.

So Jane Gardner blamed the English, blamed the Americans, and blamed Christmas for the softening of the Scots. But more common was the Telly-wail:

But noo they sit upon their hurdies,
Wi' glowrin een like thowless sturdies,
Afore the box whar timmer burdies
Like gimmers bleat,
And min-mou'd carls with cannie wordies
The New Year greet.

(FINDLAY P. MURDOCH)

David Lockhart seemed nearer the mark, though, with his sad tale of empty pockets:

For noo they a' gae tae their bed
Wi' thrapples bare o' dottle . . .

Certainly he came closest to Burns's own "Earnest Cry and Prayer to the Scotch Representative in the House of Commons":

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction
On *Aquavitae* . . .

Were most competitors suffering from their empty pockets as they wrote? And I wonder whether the prize-winners will turn over the spirit-crinkled pages to "Strong Drink" and sing with The Master:

O Whisky! soul o' plays an' pranks!
Accept a Bardie's humble thanks!

Yet there were not too many woeful English echoes to Pibwob's

. . . Forgive this lingo! Had I tried
Attempting Scots,
My Sassenach Muses would be tied
In hopeless knots.

(Of course, some wary bards would not take *The Guardian* for their Book, and imagined Norman Shrapnel lying in a ditch, fuddled with good Scotch whisky—no laments from them!) Two guineas each to Harry Broadbent and M. A. G., and a guinea each to Seumas and Allan M. Laing.

THE NEW BALLAD OF KIRRIEMUIR

Aren't Scotia's jambles any guid?
Stands Scotia where she could hae stuid?
Are Scotia's weapons made of wuid
To wag nae mair?
Is Scotia doomed by jellock bluid
To sit and stare?

Noo Scotia's lassies greet and grue
For a' their lovers, false and true;
Noo Scotia's bluid like clackhouse glue
Rins sleech and puir.
The music beats the swishin' noo
At Kirriemuir.

HARRY BROADBENT

I wish ye Rab a guid New Year;
Come gies your hand, I'm fu' o' fear;
The day is dawnin' unco queer
In Glasgow toun:
'Tis ghaists are makin' a' the cheer,
Ne'er lass nor loun.

Nae blithesome sangs, nae daffin' skirl,
Nae dancin' shoon, wi' michtie birl,
Nae open doors, nae heids that dirl,
This New Year's morn!
The ghaists o' heroes, once sae virile
Are left forlorn.

M. A. G.

Come, join me in my New Year's greetin,
Oor Scottish pride has ta'en a beatin,
And saut tears doon my chafts are fleetin
Baith nicht and day.
This exiled black sheep's sairly bleatin
For Hogmanay.

In Manchester did Shrapnel tell
Hoo Scotia had betrayed hersel'
On Auld Year's Nicht, when silence fell
At Glesca Cross.
Puir Hogmanay! Lat's jow the bell
And mourn its loss.

SEUMAS

Nae mair, nae mair, wi' hirplin feet,
The tippler daunders doon the street
Wi' blithesome noise an' sang tae greet
The New Year's comin!
Nae mair the neebor's door tae beat
Wi' fingers thrummin!

Whaur's noo the honest man tae steer
Frae hoose tae hoose, auld freens tae cheer:
First foot in a' the spang-new Year,
Guid fortune bringin?
Whaur's Hogmanay? Ye needna speir:
Oor hauns we're wringin!

ALLAN M. LAING

City Lights

Eyes on Grandma

One thing at least stands out from the dreary annual sprawl—the bank chairmen themselves have lost faith in the virtue of high interest rates. The City, its appetite keener through waiting, is thoroughly convinced that the Bank Rate will come down soon. The discount market, taking a week unchivvied by the Bank of England to imply consent, raised its bid for Treasury bills last week: the rate has now dropped ⅛ per cent. in six weeks and nearly ¼ per cent. from its peak. If the Bank hoped for a more gradual reduction in rates, it underestimated the strength of opinion in favour of a rapid drop. Money, in fact, has been rather tighter this week and several discount houses have had to borrow on Bank Rate terms. But outside competition for bills is likely to remain strong, and the gilt-edged market, supported by buying from the most respectable institutions, remains very firm. The smell of capital gains is around, and the Bank—which started the whole thing off—will have to act before it becomes too appetising.

Bank Rate hopes are the staple diet of stock markets at the moment. The new Tanganyika loan was heavily, and embarrassingly, stagged. The Hertfordshire issue which followed it has a lower interest coupon and a shorter life than has been practicable for some months, and is expected to do well. The building societies, who found the first results of their autumn increase in borrowing rates disappointing, are now getting in more money than they have seen for a long time, and mortgages are becoming easier to obtain. Foreign money is trickling back into the country for investment in bills and short-dated bonds.

This, though it helps sterling, has so far been only a minor factor in the recent recovery of

Company Meetings

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

The One hundred and twenty-first Annual General Meeting of Midland Bank, Ltd., will be held on February 15 at the Head Office, Poultry, London, E.C.

The following are extracts from the Statement issued to Shareholders by the Chairman, The Right Hon. Lord Harlech, K.G., P.C., G.C.M.G.:

The average of our deposits over the year has been very slightly below the level of 1955 and advances, too, on the average, have been appreciably lower. Banking profits tended to increase, although our larger trading revenue was partly absorbed by higher salaries and other running costs. Unfortunately, it cannot be said that stability of running costs has yet been established, while the business outlook is not, on the whole, so reassuring as to support an assumption that recent banking experience as regards bad and doubtful debts will be extended indefinitely.

Economic Disturbances

No one could describe 1956 as "a good year." In the first half there were signs that the national economy was moving in the right direction, but the second half was marked by a sharp check to the advance towards a firm equilibrium. Once again the authorities had to resort to extreme measures to cope with an emergency that threatened to overstrain inadequate resources.

It seems often to be assumed that "planning" is the simple answer to the problem of economic instability, whereas in practice the timing and balancing of plans, in such a way as to ward off or allow for economic fluctuations, is a most delicate and difficult operation. This is true for both government and business. A pre-requisite of successful economic policy is full knowledge of the facts, obtained in time to prompt any corrective action that may be found necessary. In this respect remarkable progress has been made, and the Government is now better equipped for its new responsibilities than it ever was. Non-statistical information, particularly the day-to-day knowledge and impressions of people close to the fields of operation, may sometimes be of greater practical help than the bare statistics in detecting a turning-point in the course of affairs. It is important; too, that the authorities should be fully aware of changes that may be taking place in the structure and processes of business.

Hazards of Business

A high level of business activity in general does not afford a guarantee that any particular branch of industry and trade, or any particular business undertaking, will be maintained in full prosperity. Moreover, the maintenance of steadiness in the economy as a whole, for which governments have responsibility, calls for measures which themselves may prove highly disturbing to particular industries or undertakings.

Many of our customers, in both manufacture and distribution, have been affected with more or less severity by the successive steps taken in the field of hire-purchase control, while in many undertakings the impact of hire-purchase restrictions has been added to by the raising of rates of purchase tax. Variations in the enforcement of capital issues control have been another source of disturbance of business plans. Business is still a venture; and a national policy of "full employment" does not remove the element of risk from the conduct of business undertakings large or small.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED

Mr. D. J. Robarts on Country's Economic Problems and Corrective Measures

The 124th annual general meeting of National Provincial Bank Limited will be held on February 14th in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the Chairman (D. J. Robarts, Esq.):—

The Profit and Loss Account shows a net profit for the year of £2,030,483, compared with £1,882,139 for 1955. Together with £605,511 brought in, there is a balance for disposal of £2,635,994. An interim dividend of 9 per cent. has been paid, taking £490,559, leaving available £2,145,435. It is proposed to pay a final dividend of 9 per cent., taking £490,560, and to appropriate £1,000,000 to Contingencies Account, leaving £654,875 to be carried forward.

In his review of the Balance Sheet the Chairman emphasized that investments in British Government securities continued to be shown at less than market value.

Mr. Robarts continued: During the early months of 1956 the credit squeeze began to have a noticeable effect on the economy of the country. Bank advances and hire-purchase borrowing were falling, gold and dollar reserves rising, albeit slowly, and the intense demand for consumer goods showed some signs of slackening. The policy of using the interest rate and restriction of bank credit to curb domestic expenditure and so to free goods for export was, within the limited field of the private sector of the economy, having its effect.

The close consultation which is maintained between the Bank of England and the banking industry is of the utmost value in conditions such as we are experiencing at this time.

Large programmes of modernization and development had been arranged in most branches of industry —both public and private—before the squeeze began and this trend, so far from being checked, was accentuated during the course of 1955, with the result that the execution of these programmes in the prevailing conditions has imposed, and is likely for a considerable period to impose, an excessive strain on our productive resources.

Need for Government Economies

After commenting on the Budget estimates, which showed a welcome move towards an overall balance in the national accounts, Mr. Robarts said: The danger of inflation, which has been such a menace to our economic life since the war, cannot be exorcized until such an overall balance is achieved and regularly maintained. The effort to cut expenditure by £100 million, though modest when set against the background of the total of Government expenditure, is welcome. It is to be hoped that this policy of retrenchment will continue. Far greater economies in Government expenditure of all kinds are urgently necessary and the overall balance of the Budget should be achieved by such economies rather than by increasing the present excessive burden of taxation.

Any survey of events during 1956 must be dominated by the Suez crisis and the strains upon the economy of Europe to which it has given rise. Clearly, sterling has been under exceptional pressure during November and December, as the movements in the gold and dollar reserves show. But the measures taken to increase our available reserves and especially the credits arranged with the International Monetary Fund are reassuring. Taken with Mr. Macmillan's statement that over the year 1st July, 1956, to 30th June, 1957, our external current trading account will be roughly in balance, it is clear that fears of a devaluation of sterling have no justification. Her Majesty's Government have emphasized that they will take all necessary steps to maintain the exchange value of the pound, and it is salutary that their determined policy in this vital matter has the support of all parties.

Concentration on Exports

Any forecast of economic conditions in 1957 would be a rash venture at this time. Our economy is so intimately bound up with oil that any doubt about the supply of oil must dominate consideration of our trading prospects. One thing, however, seems clear. We must keep consumer demand at home in check and concentrate on production for export, and we must do our utmost to prevent an increase in the costs of production which will price us out of the export markets. Only by earning a substantial balance of export proceeds over import costs can we hope to rebuild the gold and dollar reserves we have lost and to make these reserves adequate in relation to the liabilities of this country as the banker to the sterling area. It should be borne in mind that half of the world's trade is still conducted in sterling.

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED

Continued Expansion

Sir Oliver Franks On The Outlook

The annual general meeting of Lloyds Bank Limited will be held on Feb. 15 at the head office, 71, Lombard St., London, E.C.

The following are extracts from the statement by the Chairman, The Rt. Hon. Sir Oliver Franks, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., C.B.E., circulated with the report and accounts for the year 1956:—

The profit for the year at £2,541,793, is £219,354 higher than last year and we propose a dividend of 13% per annum, an increase of 1% compared with 1955. I warned you last year that a further rise in operating costs must be expected; this in fact happened, with substantial increases both in staff costs and in all other items of expenditure. Our business in general continues to expand year by year, as evidenced, for example, by the growth in the number of accounts. We are, therefore, vitally interested in the possibility of devising more economical methods of working. Two of our officials have recently visited the United States to investigate the progress made in that country in the field of electronic book-keeping; I am sure it is in that field that we must seek an answer to the problem of continually rising costs, but a rapid start must not be expected.

Throughout the year, our lending operations have been governed by the principles of the so-called "credit squeeze" initiated by the Chancellor's appeal for credit restraint. In June, 1955, our normal advances to domestic customers, falling within the purview of the Chancellor's directives, amounted to £298.5 millions. By December last their total had been reduced to £278.4 millions. This contraction masks a substantial increase in our lendings to customers in a group of industries—engineering, iron and steel, shipping and chemicals, whose contribution to exports and to the strength of the economy in general has justified larger borrowings from the banking system.

These figures relate only to part of our total business; they do not include advances to the nationalised industries, nor the lendings of our twenty offices in India, Pakistan and Burma. They also exclude medium-term credits extended to overseas buyers to enable them to purchase capital equipment manufactured in this country.

Such credits have been given to assist the export of capital equipment for such projects as power stations, railways, steel works and hydro-electric schemes overseas, and in some cases this has enabled British manufacturers to secure valuable contracts that would otherwise have gone elsewhere. Among the more important transactions of the kind have been medium term credits to finance the export of large numbers of civilian jet airliners to dollar markets.

The New Phase

It is clear that the events in the Middle East have opened a completely new phase in our economic affairs. The situation we face is a complex one, one, calling above all for flexibility and resolution. One overriding principle alone is certain; it is that we must seek to emerge from this temporary period of difficulty with our ability to achieve our long-term objectives unimpaired.

We have to maintain the position of sterling as a world currency, fully viable on the basis of existing rates of exchange. This in turn means that we must maintain and improve our position in export markets. We must also be prepared during the emergency to draw upon the reserves to pay for necessary food and raw materials. Only so can we hope to achieve our second and parallel objective, which is to maintain a high level of production and employment. We must be thankful that the reserves now seem large enough to permit these two objectives to be reconciled—but also resolute to use the respite given to produce a lasting consolidation of the position.

Company Meeting

RICHARD THOMAS & BALDWINS, LIMITED

(Iron, Steel, Sheet and Tinplate Manufacturers)

Sir Ernest Lever's Statement

The annual general meeting of Richard Thomas & Baldwins, Limited, will be held on February 14 at 47, Park Street, London, W.

The following is the statement by the chairman, Sir Ernest Lever, circulated with the report and accounts for the year ended September 29, 1956:—

Financial Results

As will be seen from the accounts, the Group profit before taxation and allocations for additional depreciation and to reserves is £8,370,245, a decrease of £1,651,175 compared with the corresponding figure for the previous year.

This decrease is made up as follows:—

Decrease in Manufacturing and Trading Profit	£1,223,810
Increase in Depreciation	265,628
Decrease in Dividends and Interest Receivable	182,903
	£1,672,341
Less: Decrease in Interest on Debentures and Secured Loans	21,166
	£1,651,175

Several causes contributed to the decline in the manufacturing and trading profit, some of them common to the industry as a whole, and others of a domestic character.

So far as the industry as a whole is concerned, it is common knowledge that during the financial year to which the accounts relate, the industry had to bear the burden of increases in wages and in raw material, freight and other costs without any offset in increased selling prices, and that labour difficulties, particularly in relation to maintenance workers, beset the industry in the course of the year. These events did not leave our Company unscathed.

A contributory cause of the fall in profits was that the running-in costs of the new 5-stand mill at Ebbw Vale, incurred during the year, had to be met. The profit at this works has also been affected by the necessity of continuing manufacturing operations while major developments were still in progress.

Readjustments consequent on the termination of the joint administration of Richard Thomas & Baldwins, Ltd., and The Steel Company of Wales, Ltd., reported last year, have now been completed so far as our Company is concerned.

Selling Organisations

Consequent on the discontinuance of the joint selling arrangements between Richard Thomas & Baldwins, Limited, and The Steel Company of Wales, Limited, the merchanting and selling Companies in Australia and New Zealand, Canada and The Argentine, have become wholly-owned subsidiaries of Richard Thomas & Baldwins, Limited.

Partridge Jones & John Paton

Since the end of the financial year we have acquired from the Iron and Steel Holding and Realisation Agency all the issued share capital of Partridge Jones & John Paton, Ltd. Among the assets thus taken over are old-type steel, sheet and tinplate works, a dolomite quarry, two foundries and land and house property in the Ebbw Vale and Pontypool districts.

Colliery Companies

The compensation values for the assets vested in the National Coal Board having been agreed, the following companies have been placed in voluntary liquidation:—

Lancaster's Steam Coal Collieries, Ltd.

The New Sharlston Collieries Co., Ltd.

The Swansea Navigation Collieries, Ltd.

Analysis of Income

The following is an analysis of the income of the past trading year showing the disposal of each £1 of gross income. Out of each 20s. of gross income we expended on:

	s.	d.
Raw materials, and materials for maintenance work	12	0
Wages, salaries and remuneration generally	4	0
Miscellaneous expenses	1	4
Taxation	1	1
Depreciation		6
Retained in the business		11
Dividends, net		2
	20	0

Future Prospects and Development

In my statement last year I indicated that so far as long-term planning was concerned the Directors were faced with two main problems, namely, in what form and where to create new manufacturing capacity to replace out-of-date plant which will, sooner or later, have to be scrapped, and how best to make our contribution to the increase in manufacturing capacity necessary to meet estimated future demand.

In this context it is of the utmost importance to bear in mind that major developments in the Iron and Steel Industry take several years to complete, and decisions as to the nature and magnitude of such developments must, therefore, not be too greatly influenced by current events and difficulties.

In common with the rest of the industry and with the Iron and Steel Board, we are satisfied that, after taking everything into account, the Iron and Steel Industry must increase its manufacturing capacity if estimated future demand is to be met and that, although there may be limiting factors to such expansion, such as the availability of raw materials, there is much that can be done. As a leading company in the industry we must obviously play our part in this expansion.

The broad lines of our development policy have now been considered by the Directors and proposals for the first stage of such development are being discussed with the appropriate authorities. It must be borne in mind that no major schemes of development can take place in the Iron and Steel Industry without the consent of the Iron and Steel Board and, in our case, of the Iron and Steel Holding and Realisation Agency also.

The fact that proposals for major developments have been put forward should be evidence that the Directors not only have confidence that this country will recover from its present economic malaise, but have clearly in mind the part that the Company must play in helping to bring this recovery about.

Schemes of the magnitude contemplated will require highly trained employees of all kinds, and it is vital that steps be taken to ensure, so far as is humanly possible, that the necessary trained personnel will be available from within the Company when they are needed.

A comprehensive recruitment and training policy for management, supervisory grades and operatives has been worked out and, as part of this policy, a staff training college is being established at Stoke d'Abernon, in Surrey, and an apprentices' hostel at Llangattock Park, in Breconshire.

Research

Since the end of the year central research collaboration between ourselves and The Steel Company of Wales, Ltd., has been discontinued. The Directors of your Company are, however, more convinced than ever of the importance of research to the future prosperity of the Company and the Central Laboratories at Aylesbury will be operated in future for Richard Thomas & Baldwins, Ltd., only.

Personal

The somewhat difficult period through which we have satisfactorily passed has demanded of management, staff and workpeople a high degree of efficiency, adaptability and devotion to duty. Those qualities have been abundantly manifest, and your Directors accordingly wish once again to record their sincere appreciation of admirable teamwork.

Finally, I welcome to the Board Sir Hugh Beaver and Sir John Green, whose wide industrial experience is already proving of great value to the Company.

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the exchange rate. After a lethargic response to the reinforcement of the gold reserve, sterling has risen fast in the past couple of weeks and the dollar rate has reached its parity level of $2.80. Forward discounts on the £ against Continental currencies are dropping: speculators have lost heavily in the past few weeks, and are gradually allowing their losses to overcome their ingrained scepticism. Whether world confidence will recover sufficiently for working balances of sterling to be replenished and the gold reserve brought back to a genuine $3,000m. is up to Mr. Macmillan.

* * *

The strength of gilt-edged is chiefly responsible for the happy appearance of other sections of the stock market: without it, there would be a good deal less jolly beggar-your-neighbouring in the shares of nuclear power, shipping and hire-purchase finance companies. The jolliest game of the week, however, has had nothing to do with Bank Rate. The shares of St. John d'el Rey have been rising for a long time (they must have been one of the best hindsighted tips for 1956). The company has undeveloped iron-ore deposits in Brazil for which American and Brazilian companies have been negotiating, and the negotiators have been backing up their case by acquiring shares in the market. Last week they jumped up suddenly from 60s. to 87s., only to drop back to 70s. on Monday with the news that negotiations with a leading American company had been broken off. (It had never been officially announced that they were on.) What the speculators failed to notice was that two new U.S. directors had joined the board and that an English director had resigned; on Tuesday, the chairman and another director resigned, and it became clear that U.S. interests had acquired control. The Board, in fact, which has let shareholders know scarcely anything about the comings and goings in the past few months, have failed to secure a bid for the shares, and yet have apparently allowed iron-ore deposits of considerable potential value to this country to pass to American steel interests.

There has been news, too, from that sorriest victim of the hire-purchase restrictions, Canadian and English Stores. In the autumn of 1954, when 2½m. 1s. Ordinary shares were sold at 17s. 6d. each to the public, it was stated that profits were expected, except in unforeseen circumstances, to amount to not less than £1.1m. in the year ending January, 1956, and that the Ordinary dividend would be 250 per cent. The unforeseen circumstances turned up: profits were only £558,000 and the dividend only 75 per cent. Now it looks as if 1956 may have been even worse than 1955. No interim dividends are being paid, and the question of any dividend at all will depend on consideration of the accounts. Mr. Harry Brooks, the managing director who controls the company, has sold to the public in three years shares for nearly £4½m. which are now worth less than half that amount. He must be feeling embarrassed.

* * *

Three-quarters of the steel industry has now been denationalised. The latest company to be sold off, William Beardmore, of Glasgow, specialises in heavy plates and forgings for the engineering and armament industries. It was bought up in 1951 for £3.8 millions and sold last week for £3.65 millions to Firth and Brown, a company which specialises in the same type of business and has a large finger in stainless steel—both of which will have to grow rapidly with the shipbuilding and nuclear energy investment programmes. When Firth and Brown put up its dividend the other day, the market rejoiced in the fact that it had no expansion plan to finance. Now it looks like having two, and coming to the market for funds. Like other companies in the same boat, it means to raise equity rather than fixed interest capital in spite of the cost.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 376. Secret Weapon from the North

To sharpen it a lot of midnight oil was burned, unless the midnight sun would do for Larsen. Anyway, he came well prepared against (4) Q x P which he knew to be fancied by Szabo after (1) P-K4, P-QB4. (2) Kt-KB3, P-Q3. (3) P-Q4, P x P. The book-move here is . . . Kt-QB3, but Larsen applied what he described to me as his "secret weapon" by playing . . . Kt-KB3, countering the obvious (5) P-K5 by . . . Kt-QB3 and thereby irrevocably comitting himself to complications such as (6) B-QKt5, Q-R4 ch. (7) Kt-B3, Q x B. (8) Kt x Q, Kt x Q. (9) Kt (3) x Kt, P x P. (10) Kt-B7 ch, K-Q1. (11) Kt x R, P x Kt. (12) B-B4, P-K4. (13) B x P, B-Kt5 ch. Szabo here played the K to B1 and finally succumbed to the difficulties of mobilising his K-wing. Even so, a good deal more midnight oil (or sun) will have to be used to test the durability of Larsen's secret weapon. His best game was against Alexander, but it is so widely reprinted that I need not give it space. Both Alexander and Penrose, alas, were nowhere near their best form, and as for Horseman, he has, at least, the consolation of having had a win against Szabo and a draw against Gligoric within his grasp, before "giving away" ½ point to each of those grandmasters. Young Clarke, though, was commendably free from "tournament nerves," taking creditable draws against the grandmasters in his stride and giving ample proof that his successful participation in the recent team tournament and his subsequent attendance at Moscow's great Alekhine Memorial Tournament has increased his stature considerably. At Hastings his win against Toran was pretty no less than theoretically significant. (Moves 7 and 8!)

(1) P-K4, P-QB4; (2) Kt-KB3, P-Q3; (3) P-Q4, P x P; (4) Kt x P, Kt-KB3; (5) Kt-QB3, P-QR3; (6) P-B4, P-K4; (7) Kt-B3! QKt-Q2; (8) B-B4!, B-K2; (9) P-QR4, O-O; (10) Q-K2, P-QKt3; (11) O-O, B-Kt2; (12) P x P, P x P; (13) B-KKt5, Kt-R4; (14) QR-Q1, B-B4 ch; (15) K-R1, Q-B2; (16) R x Kt!, Q x R; (17) Kt x P, Q-B2; (18) Kt x P, P-Kt3; (19) Kt-Q5, B x Kt; (20) B x B, R-R2; (21) Kt-Q6 ch, resigns.

Statistical note: as many as 11 English openings, and all but two offered by the foreign guests; presumably for intrinsic merits and/or as a compliment to their hosts.

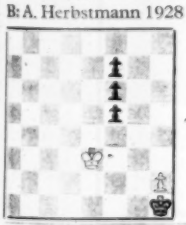
In the Premier Reserves one of the most interesting games was the one in which Vasiljevic, with the pleasing score of five successive wins, went down to A. Y. Green.

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) Kt-KB3, P-B4; (3) P-B4, P x P; (4) Kt x P, Kt-B3; (5) Kt-QB3, P-KKt3; (6) P-KKt3, B-Kt2; (7) B-Kt2, O-O; (8) P-K3, Q-R4; (9) O-O, Kt-K4; (10) Kt-Q5! Kt x Kt; (11) P x Kt, P-Q3; (12) B-Q2, Q-Kt3; (13) B-B3, B-Kt5; (14) Q-B2, QR-B1; (15) QR-B1, Kt-B5; (16) P-Kt3, B x Kt; (17) B x B, Kt x KP; (18) Q-Kt2, Kt-Q8; (19) KR x Kt, Q-Kt4; (20) R-K1, P-K4; (21) P x P e.p., P x P; (22) P-KR3, P-K4; (23) B x P, P x B; (24) P x B and won.

A: J. Penrose 1950

The 4-pointer for beginners is a *coup* achieved by Penrose when still a school-boy. How then did Black force a neat win? **B** and **C**, both wins for White, shouldn't be too difficult for 6 and 7 ladder-points. Usual prizes. Entries by February 4.

B: A. Herbstmann 1928



C: A. S. Selesniev 1914

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 373. Set January 5

A: (1) Kt x KP, B x Q? (2) Kt-B6 ch, P x Kt, KB x P mate. B: (1) R-Q5! P—Q. (2) R-Q4 ch, K x R. (3) Kt-B5 ch, etc. if (1) . . . K x R; (2) Kt-B5 etc.

C: (1) Kt-R6! K-Q6! (2) P-B3, K-K6. (3) Kt-B5 ch, K-Q6, (4) Kt-K7! K-K6! (5) Kt-Q5 ch, K-Q6. (6) Kt-B7! R-Q1. (7) Kt-K6. R x P. (8) Kt-B5 ch, etc.

if (1) . . . R-Q1? (2) Kt-B7! R x P. (3) Kt-K5 ch, etc. But the obvious (1) Kt-K7? is refuted by . . . K-B4! (2) Kt-B8, R-R8 ch. (3) K-K2, R-R7 ch. (4) K-K3, R-R8, etc.

Many failed to see all the *finesse* of **C**, but even so a good many flawless entries. Prizes shared by I. Avinery, A. J. Bamford, D. E. Cohen, G. S. Fisher, J. R. Harman, F. Jaeck.

ASSIAC

Company Meeting

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

Improved Earnings

Lord Aldenham on Middle East Crisis

The annual general meeting of Westminster Bank Limited will be held on February 13 in London.

The following are extracts from the statement by the chairman, The Rt. Hon. Lord Aldenham, circulated with the report and accounts for the year 1956:—

During the year 1956 Mr. Walter Worboys, a director of Imperial Chemical Industries, joined our Board. Two of our colleagues, Lord Weeks and Sir Austin Anderson, received well-deserved recognition of their services to the nation in the Birthday Honours List.

The Accounts for the year reveal an increase of £156,000 in our profits, an increase which is in the main attributable to the higher interest rates ruling since last February. Our Current, Deposit and Other Accounts have risen by nearly £6 million. You will recollect that this time last year I had to report a fall in this item of nearly £65 million, the result of the stringent monetary and credit policies introduced by the Government during 1955. On the other side of the balance sheet the rise of approximately £6 million in Advances may at first seem somewhat out of line with present policy. This is not the case, however, for it is more than accounted for by the increase in our lending to the Nationalised Industries. Much as we should have liked to have been allowed to go our own way in this important side of our activities, we have continued to play our part in the credit squeeze in accordance with the Government's wishes.

Whilst our earnings have improved, the rise last February in the Bank rate not only had the immediate effect of increasing rates of interest on advances generally, but also resulted in an increase in the rate paid on deposit accounts—a fact which customers were not slow in recognising.

Regarding Investments, our other main earning asset, we accepted redemptions during the year which, after a measure of re-investment, reduced our figures by nearly £7 million. The deficiency in the market value of our British Government securities is less than it was in December, 1955; and it is very comforting to know that our Government securities are all dated, the great majority maturing within ten years, and unless circumstances were to enforce untimely realisations, the whole deficiency, and indeed much more than that, would be recovered.

Expenditure

Our principal item of expenditure continues to be that comprising payments made to or for the benefit of staff. These costs have grown once again, largely as a result of the introduction in January 1956 of an improved basis of remuneration for the active staff. Additionally we have continued to give greater emphasis in our consideration of rises in salaries, both annual and upon taking over new responsibilities, to the merits and achievements of the officers concerned.

Over recent years we have appreciably extended our Branch representation and thereby consolidated and improved our business. During the past year we opened 25 new banking offices. This brought the total number to 1,171.

Another and very important aspect of our development over the past years has been in the field of mechanisation. The possibilities in this sphere are immense. Much has been written lately on the subject of automation and electronics in banking, and in particular of the great strides made in this direction in the United States of America. With this thought in our minds, we sent three senior officials of our Bank on a mission to the United States and Canada for a period of three months in the latter half of the year and we are most grateful to our banking friends there for the help which they gave to them. We hope in due time to derive considerable benefit from their visit and indeed from the further visits which will from time to time be necessary in order to keep us up to date.

Suez Canal Action

The closing months of 1956 were darkened by the Suez Canal crisis. All the possible courses of action were fraught with danger for this country; nothing but a choice of evils lay before our Government. The action that we did take angered the Government of the United States, and their criticism of our action angered us. It is most heartening that already the difference between the views of the two Governments as to what should be done in the Middle East seems to be lessening.

The Middle East crisis has been all the more disappointing in the light of the economic improvement here during the first half of 1956. Both the value and the volume of our exports had steadily increased, and the gap between our exports and our imports had been narrowed. It was especially pleasing that our exports to the dollar area had grown, and that we had got nearer to paying for our essential dollar imports. Looking back over only nine years, it is surely a very fine achievement to have nearly doubled the volume, and nearly trebled the value, of our exports.

Our gold and dollar reserves had been steadily mounting during January to June in sharp contrast to the drain which had occurred during 1955. But the Suez crisis has changed all that, and the dollar gap must now be greatly increased by the purchase of oil with dollars instead of with sterling. In these circumstances it was not unnatural that there should be some doubts abroad as to the stability of the pound sterling; and it was, therefore, most satisfactory to note the prompt and effective steps taken by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to make sure that there should be no new devaluation. But this determination to defend the present value of sterling must be backed up by appropriate action here at home by both the Government and the nation. If we as a nation can show restraint in the matter of profits and wages, and quickly restore the trading position of the first six months of 1956, we shall help to make those who doubted sterling regret their doubts, and we shall help also to avert inflation, which has rightly been described as "the harshest tax of all."

Credit Squeeze

The credit squeeze by the banks had to be maintained and even intensified during the year, and has at last been reinforced by a somewhat similar squeeze in the sector of public finance; though I still feel that, by contrast with the Central Government and with Local Authorities, the banks have been asked to carry more than their fair share of the task of exercising monetary restriction. The published figures of the movements in the different categories of advances show clearly that the squeeze has been selective. It is sincerely to be hoped that in the relatively near future we shall be enabled to judge all applications for assistance purely on their merits from a banking standpoint and not with the spectre of "directives" looking over our shoulders.

Great progress has been made in bettering our factories and plant during 1955 and 1956, and, judging by plans already approved, that progress should continue during 1957.

Government Policy

Government policy has aimed at securing a redeployment of manpower. During 1956 this process has been going on and the lag in production that has occurred is part of the price that we are having to pay to secure a redistribution of manpower.

Circumstances compelled the authorities to show the red light of high short-term rates of interest but, as the Governor of the Bank of England said a few months ago, we shall none of us feel comfortable until they can be reduced. They raise the cost to this country of the sterling balances held by foreigners, they hamper any attempts the Government must wish to make to fund short-term debt, and they check capital investment in industry.

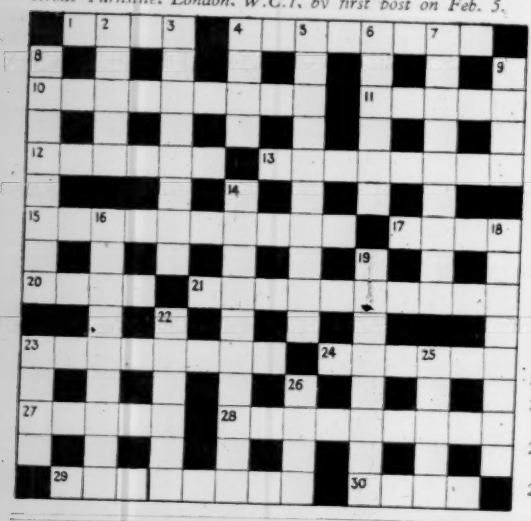
European Free Trade Area

One of the most interesting and most promising events of the year has been the more or less general acceptance in principle of the idea of a European Free Trade Area for manufactured goods. I believe that the creation of such an area is in the interests of this country. Our most efficient industries would benefit by greatly increased open markets, our less efficient industries would receive a needed incentive, and throughout the Area the consumer would gain by the increase in effective competition; it is high time that the interest of the consumer should be considered.

In any summary of the year 1956, it would be idle to deny that events in the Middle East have given a severe setback to the national economy, yet with so much achieved in the last few years it would be faint-hearted indeed to let that temporary setback fill us with dismay.

Week-end Crossword No. 235

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 235, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Feb. 5.



ACROSS

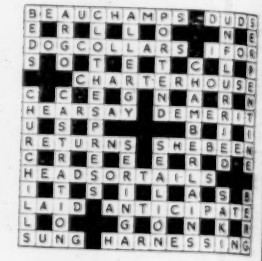
1. Repeat after me, but it is not parrot-like (4).
4. The competence to make a town international (8).
10. Perambulator with a dwarf inside for each (9).
11. Alternative directions for a language (5).
12. Country with a universal means of transport (6).
13. Birds split up animals by means of a barrier (8).
15. Criterion for a clown (10).
17. The record is between two numbers (4).
20. Name a poem for narrative complication (4).
21. A dear lot of coal for a place near the pits (10).
23. A female supporter (8).
24. Glibber gabble (6).
27. Put me in and make an improvement (5).
28. Town in which to keep a supply of drink (9).
29. Carrier with City centre-half-back (3, 5).
30. "A votary of the —— - a notched and cropt scrivener" (Lamb) (4).

DOWN

2. Stick and do not declare (5).
3. Puts up with a Scot among the rising marksmen (8).
4. Caught an ancient illness (4).
5. The flower makes a fairy signal with half a leaf (10).
6. Lancashire begins with materials supplied by these waterways (6).
7. He has resort to violence, but the mistake is among those who abstain (9).
8. Scientist discovers an indicator of gravity and weight (8).
9. God makes the waterway rise (4).
14. The composer has a number of skills up in the heavens (10).
16. Something to put on below the surface of the river (9).
18. The penitent study the hackneyed (8).
19. Exposed in a kind of dance in the nude perhaps (8).
22. Crazier plant (6).
23. Dressed in mid second century fashion? (4).
25. "Secrets are edged ——" (Dryden) (5).
26. Sound tax (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 233



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 233

T. H. East (Greenford), A. M. Gamble (Uttoxeter), Douglas Hole (Teddington)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63, Leinster Sq., W.2. Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 85s. partial board. Applic. forms & information. Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

LONDON. Bed & b'fast 12s. nightly. H. & c. 2 mins. Underground. Cleff House Hotel, The Grove, N.3. FIN. 5662.

ATTRAC. furn. rm., N. London. Use tel., linen, bath., etc. Ckg. facs. STA. 5085.

HIGHGATE Woods. Divan-rooms, single 2gns., double 3gns. Quiet, well-kept house, TUD. 8207.

HAMPSTEAD. B. s. rm., suit bus. girl. No restrictions. Ring PRI. 7361 evgs.

TWO good bed-sits, lady's flat. Women workers. Share k. & b. TUDor 6346.

COMFORTABLE furn. rooms. H. & c., gas fire meter, ckg. facs., service. From £2 15s. sing., 3 gns. dbl. PERivale 8748.

PROFESSIONAL middle-aged bachelor with furnished flat seeks another to share. Streatham. Box 9761.

APPROXIMATELY 20 furnished apartments avail. in this & nearby districts. Rooms from 30s. single, 40s. double. Flats from 50s. Regret no chldn. L.A.B. GER. 9050.

E. FINCHLEY, close underground, furn. b. s. all conveniences. TUDor 1845.

PROFESSIONAL woman offers divan b.s. & kit. use b., early Feb. Suit yng. lady. 32s. p.m. BARnet 1974 evgs. & wk.-end.

BED-sit. rm. for 1 or 2 sharing, with kit. & bath., in prof. woman's flat, during school terms. LAD. 4389 after 6.

NICELY furn. double room to let, for 2 gentlemen. PAD. 8140.

LARGE single bed-sit., re-dec., c.h.w., 3 gas rings. Two mins. Hampstead Heath, Finchley Rd. 2½gns. HAM. 9830.

LARGE furn. dble. room to let, h. & c., ckg. facs. Crouch End. FITzroy 0773.

LGE. furn. rm. o'lkg. river. H.c. basin, ckg. facs. £2 10s. weekly. PUT. 4148.

ONE large newly-furn. single room, use of kit., £3. One single, smaller, £2. Two mins. Queens Park Stn. Tel. MAI. 7257.

W. DULWICH. On bus rte. Available April (may be before). Well-furn. sunny flatlet, 1st floor. Lounge (18ft 6in × 14ft 6in), 2 divans, gas fire, 'phone, kit. (use b.) 3gns. wk. Reduce long let. GIP. 2883.

PLEAS. div. rm. o'lkg. gdn. Quiet hse., h. & c. bas., all elec. eqp. Own meter, lin., china, share tel., bath. Nr. Hornsey Rise bus. 37s. 6d. p.w. long let. ARC. 3657.

6 months only, from mid-Feb. Attractive b.s., overlooking gdn. Own bathrm., ckg. facs. Old Hampstead. £2 weekly. Box 9653.

MATLOCK, Derbyshire. Mod. flat, gas & elec., inc. £2 19s. 6d. p.w. Single person. Box 9625.

FURNISHED rooms for summer only, suitable for two families. Short or long stay; reas. price. Matlock, Derbyshire. Box 9624.

CORNWALL, Lamorna Cove. 2 caravans only, on beautiful secluded sites, fully equipped. Calor gas light, heat, ckg., int. sprung mattresses. 2-berth 4-4½ gns., 4-berth 5-8. Gibbs, Lamorna, Penzance.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

NEWLY decorated well-furn. rm., 2 divans, 3gns. Also single, 2gns. HAM. 9107.

BED, bkfast., linen, serv., well-furn. rm. Suit 2 people. PRI. 6772.

BS., share b., kit., use tel. 50s. No interference. Coloured welc. RIC. 6839.

BLACK man leaving Turkey early Feb. for 2 years' professional work in London reqs. flat suitable accom. Please reply only if indifferent to colour. Box 9561.

WORKING mother with small son needs 2 rooms, washing & cooking facilities, in congenial household. London. Box 29.

YOUNG business girl seeks 1 3-roomed s.c. flat or another young humorous girl with whom to share. Box 9641.

YOUNG prof. couple & baby seek s.c. furn. flat St. John's Wood or Regent's Park pref. Max. 6 gns. Box 40.

2 yng. teachers (f.) want 2-room flat with kit. & use of phone for beg. Feb. N.W.3 area. PUT. 9102 or Box 9664.

ENGLISH family (Christian) sought, willing accept as a paying guest a cultured and well-mannered young Japanese accountant, who wishes to mix with a family to some extent in order to improve his knowledge of English language and customs. (Tuition not required.) Accommodation must be in the Greater London area, with easy access to the City, the preference being for N.W. London. Breakfast and week-end meals are required, others by arrangement. It is emphasised that only family type accom. is required. Box 9670.

LARGE organisation urgently requires furn. accommodation, flats, flatlets (own cookers essential) within 30 minutes of Piccadilly Circus. No agents. L.A.B., Ger. 9050.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

BIRCHINGTON. Furn. s.c. flat to let, by sea, 3 bed., rec., kit., bath. F. Haslam, F.A.I., Station Approach, Birchington.

FURN. bungalow to let; cent. Lakeland. Acc. 4. Not July 27-Sept. 14. Box 39.

PEMBS. Furn. cottage, St. David's, Sea, ancient cathedral. Electricity throughout, sleep 4-5. 8gns. wkly. June-Sept. 10gns. Harris, 124 Bury St., Ruislip, Middx.

CORNISH village. Furn. flat, mod. cons. Magnificent view. Fowey Harbour. Perm. or period. Box 9724.

SMALL furn. house nr. station, village Sussex-Kent border. £5 5s. Box 9744.

BUSINESS premises, share or partly to let. 1st floor. Suit dressmaker, milliner, similar trade. BAYswater 5667/6005.

DOCTOR'S family require house or flat, Highgate Finchley area pref. Box 9778.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE AND WANTED

COMPLETE home for two £850 fully furnished, carpeted, curtained, centrally heated houseboat on Thames, 45 minutes reg. trains London. Details Box 52.

SUIT meteorologist, author or artist, cottage of character, near Folkestone. Two recep., 3 beds., sun roof with pent-house, tiny garden. £2,200. Box 9695.

STOCKWELL. Mod. s.c. flat. 1st floor, living 14ft × 11ft, 1 lge. & 1 sm. bedrm., k. & b. 10 mins. Whitehall. Immed. possession. 75 yr. lease. £2,100. Box 32.

MAIDA Vale: large elderly house with possibilities, £1,450. 3 flats: 2 occupied (at present) controlled rents, 1 vacant (4 rms., kit., bath). 1 min. tube, buses. 10 yr. lease at £100 p.a. ground rent. Box 9745.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE AND WANTED—continued

FOR Sale. Fine freehold property (now guest house) in lovely secluded position near favoured South Coast resort. Large det. residence in immac. condit., 14 bed, 4 baths, fine recep. & dining rms., Sun lounges, excnt. kit. & staff quarters. Cent. htg., modn. annexe with 6 bed., 2 baths., 4 recep., kits., etc. Main services, garages, delightful gardens & grounds, abt. 4 acres. Also 4½ acres land (sea views). Immense development potential. Unique opportunity for orgns. seeking holiday centre, convint. home, etc. Full partics. apply: Childs & Co., Estate Agents, Sydenham, S.E.26. SYD. 5298.

WELWYN Garden City. Post-war detached house in excellent condition, 3 bedrooms, 2 reception (lounge 21ft. × 14ft.), detached, brick-built garage and workshop. Corner site, sunny position in best residential area. Convenient shops, schools, all transport. Station 10 mins., open country 1 min. Kings X 35 mins. £4,250 o.n.o. Box 20.

MANCHESTER area. Dilapidated town or country house wanted by architect for reconstruction. Lease or buy. Box 9607.

£1,850 cash offd., sm. old house some character, within 45 mns. City. Box 9750.

WHERE TO STAY

VISITORS to London should stay at 98 Palace Gdns. Terr., Kensington, W.8. Superior hse., very central. Bed & breakfast, double 27s., sfhg. 14s. 6d. BAYswater 5985.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yards sea front. Gdns., putting grn. Garages. Superlative food. Apr. 7½gns. Summer 9-11gns.

SIMON the Pieman Tearooms, Lion Street, Rye, receive a few guests. Rye 2207.

YOUNG graduate couple welcome few guests in delightful modern farm. Beautiful country. Good food. Jersey cream and butter. Home-made bread. Joan and Alan Marsden, Uplands, Winscombe, Somerset. Tel. Winscombe 2257.

CORNISH Riviera (central): in lovely country beside Fowey Estuary, 3 miles sea; modern comfort, notable food in restful manor. Sailing. Lovely walks. Swimming. Games Room. 5 hrs. London to Par—rail your car. Trains met free. Broch. 3, Penquite Hse. Hotel, Golant, Par, Fowey 124.

YOUR summer holiday, 1957. Come to sunny Devon. Barricane Priv. Hotel adj. famous Barricane beach (board res.), also holiday flats & furn. bungalows all at Woolacombe, 3 mls. golden sands. M. M. Garness, Barricane Hotel, Woolacombe. Tel. 44 or 76.

WOULD you be warm this winter? Old Jordans Hostel, Beaconsfield. A Quaker Guest House which is a real resting place. Write for Brochure.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers imaginative food, tasteful atmosphere and full cent. heating. Fr. 7½gns. Broch. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

CWALL. Cliffside, Port Isaac, Tel. 285. Homely guesthse., facing sea, farm prod., nr. coach tours depot. Gd. food 5-7 gns.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

CONVALESCENCE, Rest, Winter Holiday? All desiring real warmth and comfort will enjoy "Normanhurst," the small, friendly Hotel in "Britain's Best Climate" (mild, no fogs). Twin-bedded 5/7 gns.; Singles 5½ up, incl. full brd., early tea, htd. bedrm. (cen. htg. thrghout). No gratuities. Vegetn. if desired. Bkfst. in bed (nominal chge). Facing Sth., opp. covrd. Prom., nr. warm Sun-Lounge. Illus. brochures. Rec. by rdrs. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Hastings 4784.

FARM Holidays—get your 1957 Farm Holiday Guide with Britain's best farm houses covering every county from Land's End to John O'Groats; price 3s. 6d. Farm Holiday Guide, Dept. NS, 18 High Street, Paisley.

OAKHURST Hotel, The Ridge, Hastings, is a must in 1957. Beautiful grounds with putting, tennis, etc. Friendly atmosphere, excellent food but low charges. Brochure.

HOLIDAYS at home or abroad can best be planned with "Holiday Fanfare"—68 pages on travel, resorts, costs and new ideas. Get a copy from your newsagent—only 1s.

RYE. The Hope Anchor, R.A.C., **A.A. Licensed. Ashley Courtenay recommended. Centrally heated throughout. Winter terms on application. Rye 2216.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. post free from Victor Hilton, Harbourside, Torquay.

KESWICK. Visit Highfield Veget. Guest Hse., The Heads. Beaut. scenery, gd. food, friendly atmosphere. Tel. 508.

ADRIATIC Sun for you as well. Pensione "Tre Grazie," Miramare di Rimini, offers first-class food & accommodation from 15s. 6d. p.d. Write at once to our London Representative Nina Froud, 54-55 Chandos House, Palmer St., S.W.1. ABBey 4826.

CÔTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel. Beautiful, quiet sit. above sandy beach. Mod. comforts, first-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Red. rates to June 30 and after Sept. 10. Illustrated broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

MISCELLANEOUS

LONDON Contact Lens Centres, 66 New Cavendish Street, W.1. Booklet sent. Def. terms. Branches: Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich, Paris.

WIN plenty of praise for your meals by adding that wonderful Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney—from all good grocers.

SE comprendre c'est la paix. The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. SLO. 9595.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets & all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd., E.2. SHOreditch 3889/6046.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.25 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent Hse., Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

DUREX gloves & all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. N.N., 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

LONDON County Council. Garratt Green School, Trinity Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.18, and Tranmere Road, Earlsfield, S.W.18. Headmistress required for this new secondary school for 2,000 girls to open in September, 1957, in the existing Honeywell and Earlsfield Secondary School buildings. Roll expected to be 1,000 in September, 1957, rising to 1,400 in September, 1958, with eventual increase to 2,000. In 1959, school will move into new building at Burntwood Lane. Head teacher allowance expected to be approximately £1,240, making total salary, including other appropriate Burnham allowances, and three-sevenths equal pay addition, about £2,240. School will recruit from the whole range of ability, and will offer wide variety of studies, academic and practical, some leading to G.C.E. (all levels). Ample provision for special courses in catering, nursing, commerce and biology and for general courses of study. There will be deputy headmistress with substantial allowance, provision for other posts of responsibility, and full-time senior administrative officer, with secretarial staff. Person of high academic qualifications, organising ability, wide experience and strong interest in whole field of secondary education is sought. Apply on form EO/TS10 (Garratt) (Form TS10B for candidates who have completed form TS10 since December, 1955, and have nothing to alter), obtainable, with further particulars from Education Officer, EO/TS10, County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. Closing date February 8, 1957. (137).

THE University of Sheffield. Chairs of Economics. Applications are invited from economists in any branch of the subject for two Chairs of Economics, both vacant at the end of September, 1957, one by the retirement of Professor G. P. Jones, and the other a newly created Chair. One of the professors will be appointed Head of the Department of Economics. In addition to its present functions the Department will in future assume responsibility for the conduct of teaching and research in Business Studies for which exceptional local facilities are available. Salary £2,150 a year, with F.S.S.U. provision and family allowance. Further particulars should be obtained from The Registrar, The University, Sheffield 10, to whom applications (25 copies, one only from overseas candidates) should be sent by February 16, 1957.

AUSTRALIA—University of Melbourne. Applications are invited for a position of Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in French. Specialised knowledge of the literature of the 18th century and/or the 17th century, though not indispensable, would be an advantage. The appointee will be expected to take up duties as early as possible in 1957. The salary ranges are £A1,850 to £2,150 per annum for a Senior Lecturer and £A1,300 to £1,800 per annum for a Lecturer. Status and commencing salary in the appropriate range will be determined according to qualifications. Superannuation similar to F.S.S.U. in Great Britain will be provided. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is February 28, 1957.

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa. Applications are invited for appointment to the resuscitated Chair of German. The Professor of German will also be the Head of the Department of German. Duties are to be assumed on a date to be arranged. The salary attached to the post will be according to the scale £1,700 ×£50—£2,000 p.a. In addition, a married man will be paid a temporary cost of living allowance which at present is £234 per annum. Membership of the Provident Fund is compulsory and involves a contribution at the rate of 7½ of the salary paid. Membership of the Staff Medical Aid Fund is obligatory in the case of an officer who is found eligible for membership in terms of the rules. Applicants are advised to obtain a copy of the information sheet relating to this vacancy from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in S. Africa & London, is February 28, 1957.

UNIVERSITY of Natal, South Africa. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment to the vacant post of Lecturer in Economics, Durban. Salary scale £800×£50—£1,050 per annum. In addition to the above salary scale, a temporary cost of living allowance of £234 per annum will be paid to married men only. Application forms and further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close, in South Africa and London, on February 22, 1957.

CHILD Care Officer (Male Assistant), (C. of E.) Social Science/H.O. Certificate Child Care reqd. Driving licence essential; travelling expenses and subs. allowances. Salary APT. I/III according to experience, plus London Weighting. Superannuation. Supervision of boys aged 12-21. Headquarters London. Apply in writing by February 9, 1957, stating age, qualification, experience, enclosing copy testimonials and names of two referees to the Children's Officer, Thomas Coram Foundation, 40 Brunswick Square, W.C.1. (re-advertisement.)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. Staff Tutor in Secondary Education. The Institute proposes to appoint an additional Staff Tutor whose main work will be with serving teachers. Experience in some branch of secondary education, preferably with the 11 to 15 age group, is essential, and an interest in the education, in or out of school, of the 15 to 18 age range will be a recommendation. The man or woman appointed will be one of a team of nine Staff Tutors working together to provide courses for serving teachers in the general education of pupils of primary and secondary age, in the arts in education and in the education of handicapped children. Staff Tutors are lecturers, but they are accorded a full measure of responsibility in planning and organising developments in their special fields. The person appointed will be required to take up duty at the beginning of the Academic Year, 1957-58. The salary will be within the range of £650×£50 to £1,350 with family allowances and membership of F.S.S.U. Further particulars can be obtained from the undersigned with whom ten copies of applications, including the names of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be lodged not later than February 9, 1957. (Applicants from outside the British Isles may send one copy only.) E. M. Bettenson, Registrar, University Office, 46 North Bailey, Durham.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Modern Languages. Salary £985-£1,238 per annum. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close in London and New Zealand on March 10, 1957.

CANTERBURY University College, Christchurch, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Psychology. Applicants should have an honours degree and experience in research or in clinical work. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £985 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,235 per annum. An appointment may be made at a point above the minimum salary if the candidate's qualifications warrant it. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is March 31, 1957.

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa. Applications are invited for appointment to the newly created Chair of Statistics within the Department of Mathematics. The Professor of Statistics will be responsible to the Head of the Department, who is the Professor of Mathematics, for the courses he is called upon to give in statistics and related subjects. Duties are to be assumed on a date to be arranged. The salary attached to the post will be according to the scale £1,700×£50—£2,000 p.a. In addition, a married man will be paid a temporary cost of living allowance which at present is £234 per annum. Membership of the Provident Fund is compulsory and involves a contribution at the rate of 7½ of the salary paid. Membership of the Staff Medical Aid Fund is obligatory in the case of an officer who is found eligible for membership in terms of the rules. Applicants are advised to obtain a copy of the information sheet relating to this vacancy from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close in South Africa and London on February 28, 1957.

DEPUTY to Chief Corsetry Consultant. Able woman wanted to be Deputy to Chief Corsetry Consultant of Spirella Company of Great Britain, Limited, Letchworth, makers of individually-made corsets and brassieres. The female Consultantcy organization operates over all of Great Britain and trains and maintains contact with Corsetieres who fit and sell garments in the home. This is most interesting, satisfying and constructive work for the successful applicant. Experience of garment trade desirable but not essential. Ability to control women Consultants is necessary, also to help them continue to work efficiently and harmoniously with men in the business. Should have "stage-sense" and "presence," and be able to help organize efficient demonstrations of the fashion-show type. Preferred age 35 to 40, but would consider up to 43 in case of exceptional merit. Do not apply unless you have had experience of being in control of sizeable number of women. Salary minimum £800 p.a. and in range up to £1,500 p.a. envisaged according to ability and qualifications. Pension scheme. Three weeks' holiday. To live Letchworth or easy distance. To be free and entirely willing to travel during week all over Great Britain visiting and encouraging Consultants. Must be good "mixer." Should preferably have had experience of selling in some form or other; but must have instinctive and lively appreciation of importance of salesmanship. Company's own staff are being invited to apply. Applications in strictest confidence to Marketing Director, Spirella Company of Great Britain, Limited, Letchworth, Herts.

POLITICALLY-intel. hard-wkng. secretary excel typist, reqd. by journalist embarking on biographic project. £8. HAM. 6673.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Posts of Responsibility. Deputy Headships. Sydenham School, Dartmouth Road, Sydenham, S.E.26. Headmistress: Miss E. M. Kimsey, B.A. A new secondary school (formed by the extension of an existing grammar school) opened September, 1956. Present roll 1,300 girls and eventual accommodation for about 1,750 girls. Deputy Headmistress required September, 1957, owing to retirement of present holder. Burnham (London) scale salary, with allowance of £500 a year. Well-established Sixth forms with provision for academic courses leading to G.C.E. ("O," "A" and "S" levels) as well as courses in Commerce, Housecraft and Pre-nursing. Must have good qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience and should be interested in whole field of secondary education. The deputy headmistress will be responsible for arranging the timetable. Application forms EO/TS10(SR) obtainable from Divisional Officer, D.O.7, 83 Peckham Road, S.E.5, and returnable to Headmistress at school by February 16, 1957. William Penn School, Alpha Street, Choumert Road, S.E.15, and Adys Road, S.E.15. Headmaster: G. E. Dennis, B.A. A secondary school for 1,250 boys. The school will be transferred to new building at Red Post Hill, Dulwich, S.E., in 1959, when 1,470 places will be provided. Deputy Headmaster required; Burnham (London) scale salary with allowance £400 (£425 whilst responsible for annexe). Vacancy due to promotion. Provision for general, technical and commercial courses, also courses leading to G.C.E. ("O" level). Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience and should be interested in whole field of secondary education. Deputy Headmaster required to take special interest in work of lower school. Experience in diagnostic history an asset (not essential). Forms EO/TS10(SR) from Divisional Officer, D.O.7, 83 Peckham Road, S.E.5, and returnable to headmaster by February 9, 1957. (142.)

NATIONAL Health Service. Training posts in Hospital Administration. The Minister of Health and the Secretary of State for Scotland invite applications for up to sixteen training posts in hospital administration. Successful applicants will hold these posts for a maximum of three years, beginning in the autumn of 1957, and will be given practical experience of all branches of hospital administration, together with courses of instruction at the University of Manchester or at the Hospital Administrative Staff College of King Edward's Hospital Fund for London. A short list of applicants will be called for interview by a Selection Committee. Applicants should be not more than 30 years of age at September 1, 1957, but the Selection Committee has discretion to accept applicants up to 35 years. If already employed in the hospital service they should either (i) be a graduate of a British university; or (ii) be the holder of a professional qualification acceptable to the Selection Committee; or (iii) have had at least three years' experience in the hospital service on September 1, 1957 and to have passed at least the intermediate examination for a professional qualification. If not employed in the hospital service they should either (i) be, in September, 1957, a graduate of a British university; or (ii) be, in September, 1957, the holder of a professional qualification acceptable to the Selection Committee. Applicants should have discharged their obligation for national service. Applications will be considered from students who are due to take their final examinations in 1957. The salary during the training period begins at £540 (plus a small addition in the London area) with an increment of £20 in the second and third years. Applicants already in the hospital service will retain their present salary scale if higher than this. Training fees will be met. Further information and application forms can be obtained from University Appointments Boards or by writing to the Secretary, Department of Health for Scotland, St. Andrew's House, Edinburgh 1, or to the Secretary, Ministry of Health, Savile Row, London, W.1. Applications should be completed and returned to the Secretary, Ministry of Health, not later than Thursday, February 28, 1957.

TEACHERS for British Columbia.—The British Columbia Provincial Department of Education is interested in obtaining the names of qualified British secondary and elementary school teachers desirous of emigrating to British Columbia for September, 1957. Applicants should be under the age of 45 years and must have completed a formal course of teacher-training or hold a diploma in Education. For secondary school certification applicants must hold a recognised University degree or equivalent. Those interested should write immediately to Mr. W. A. McAdam, Agent General for British Columbia, 1-3 Regent Street, London, S.W.1, for particulars and applications. Interviews with a representative who has authority to make appointments to schools in British Columbia will be arranged in February, March and April for those whose eligibility for certification has been determined.

INTERESTING Vacancy for young woman as junior assistant at the National Institute for Medical Research, The Ridgeway, Mill Hill, N.W.7. Good general education up to Advanced G.C.E. desirable, but willingness to learn more important. Perm. superan. post after probationary period. Apply in writing to Personnel Officer at above address.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council, Malory School, Launcelot Road, Downham, Bromley, Kent. Headmaster or headmistress required for this new secondary school for 1,650 boys and girls expected to open in 1958, probably to take up duty for preliminary planning in September, 1957. Burnham Group 22 based on estimated unit total of 3,125 for 1962. School will recruit from the whole range of ability and will offer wide variety of studies, academic and practical, some leading to G.C.E. (all levels). Ample provision for special courses in commerce, engineering and needlecraft and for general courses of study. There will be deputy headmaster or headmistress, with substantial allowance, provision for other posts of responsibility and full-time senior administrative officer with secretarial staff. Person of high academic qualifications, organising ability, wide experience and strong interest in whole field of secondary education is sought. Apply on form EO/TS10 (Malory) (Form TS10.B for candidates who have completed form TS10 since December, 1955, and have nothing to alter), obtainable with further particulars from The Education Officer EO/TS10, County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. Closing date February 8, 1957. (138)

EXPERIMENTAL Work for Problem Families. Two Women Social Workers will shortly be required to act as Wardens, or Warden and Assistant Warden, at a block of reconditioned flats. These have been prepared for the temporary reception and training of families, including fathers, pending rehousing. The scheme is part of experimental work in family rehabilitation being undertaken voluntarily by the Committee of the Middlemore Homes, Weoley Park Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham, 29. Applications are invited from two women friends, or from individual women. Married women eligible, but no full-time employment available for husband. Applicants should have a Social Studies qualification or equivalent experience. Salary according to qualifications. Further particulars and form of application obtainable from Sec. at above address.

NETHERNE Psychiatric Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey. Occupational Therapist female required for large active department of 11 Therapists. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with P.T.A. Whitley Council recommendations. Applics., with names of two refs., to the Physician Supt.

LONDON County Council requires three caseworkers in the Children's Department to do intensive family casework with problem families to prevent family break up and reception of children into care, or to effect early family reunion and rehabilitation with those already in care. Candidates should have appropriate professional qualifications, wide experience of family casework and of co-operation with voluntary and statutory bodies. Commencing salary (as a Child Welfare Officer) is within range £599 5s. by £35 5s. to £775 10s. according to qualifications and experience. Details and application forms (returnable by Feb. 28) from Children's Officer (CH/E1/50), County Hall, S.E.1.

CHILDREN'S Holiday Home, Skegness. Groups of 38 boys aged 7-11 attend this Home for three weeks at a time. A qualified teacher who will teach these boys and the girls in the parallel girls' home is required on May 1, 1957. His wife will act as housemother to the boys. Salaries—Man Burnham Scale, Wife £286 per annum together with unfurnished house and free board for both. Further particulars and form (to be returned by February 11) from W. G. Jackson, Director of Education, Exchange Bldgs., Nottingham.

CITY of Oxford Children's Department. Amended Advertisement. Applications invited from women (preferably graduates) for post of Senior Children's Visitor vacant March 1, 1957. Applicants must have a Social Science qualification (Home Office Certificate in Child Care an advantage) and have had considerable experience of work in a Local Authority Children's Department. Salary £692 per annum (at present under review). Appl. forms (to be returned by Feb. 1, 1957) and full particulars from City Children's Officer, 10 Worcester St., Oxford.

READING Education Committee. Appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for appointment as full-time Psychiatric Social Worker to work as a member of the Authority's Child Guidance team. Salary scale: £495 to £750 per annum. Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from Chief Education Officer, Blagrave Street, Reading, to whom they should be returned by February 11, 1957.

PERSONNEL Officer (assistant) required by C. & J. Clark, Ltd., Shoemakers, Street, Somerset. The selected candidate should be a young woman graduate with some training in Social Science or Personnel Management. Applicants should be country lovers and ability to drive a car is an advantage though not essential. This is a job suitable for a young woman with little or no previous industrial experience. Good training and prospects. Apply to Miss Druce, Personnel Manager, C. & J. Clark, Ltd., Street, Somerset.

EDITOR'S secretary required by Manchester morning newspaper. Interest in current affairs and good shorthand speed essential. Graduate preferred. 5-day week, hours 3.15 to 10.45 p.m. Apply Box 63.

APPOINTMENTS—continued on p. 118

APPOINTMENTS VAC.—cont. from p. 117

INTERNATIONAL trade union organisation (London headquarters) offers position as Translator/Interpreter/Reporter. Permanent post with non-contributory superannuation scheme. Three weeks annual paid holiday. Applicants, whose mother-tongue should be English, must be able to translate and interpret from French, German and one or more Scandinavian languages. Should also be capable of producing reports and minutes of meetings. Previous trade union experience an asset. Applications, stating age, qualifications, previous experience and salary required, together with references, should be forwarded to Box 9730.

TRAVEL agency requires men representatives to take charge of parties at various foreign centres during summer of 1957. No previous experience of this type of work required but knowledge of either French, German, Italian or Spanish necessary, together with some travel in the country concerned, ability to manage people and good personality. Approximate period of engagement June-September inclusive. Board, residence, salary and expenses. Would suit man just pre- or post-National Service. Box 414, Darby's, 24 Blackfriars Lane, London, E.C.4.

FAMILY Service Units in Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham and London, wish to appoint men and women social workers for the extension of their intensive casework with "problem families." Special training provided. Details concerning salary, qualifications, etc., from the Secretary, F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Applications are invited from men graduates for the post of Administrative Assistant in the Registry. Salary within the range of £650-£900 p.a. Candidates should possess a good honours degree and preferably some administrative experience. Applications (two copies) with the names of three referees should be sent by February 9, 1957, to the Registrar, The University, Birmingham, 15, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

YOUTH Leader, man with experience required full-time for mixed club in West London. Non-resident post. Pension scheme. Apply stating experience and qualifications to the Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St., Marylebone, London, N.W.8.

VACANCY for editorial assistant, woman, on journal of professional institute. Subbing, make-up, proof-reading. Good English, some writing ability. Typing essential, shorthand useful if verbatim, not otherwise. Commencing salary £600-£700 according to exp. Contrib. pension scheme. Box 9771.

DEVON County Council require resident Housemother at Maristow House Special School, Roborough, Nr. Plymouth. Nursing experience desirable. Salary £379 5s. to £440 15s. less £115 16s. 6d. board residence. Application form from Chief Education Officer, Larkbeare, Topsham Road, Exeter.

EDITORIAL Secretary, female 22-28, required by "Vacuum" (Scientific Publications). Minimum educational standard: Higher School Certificate. Experience: At least 2 years as editorial secretary in publishing concerns (books and/or journals) essential. Good shorthand speed required and ability to work on own initiative. Permanent and pensionable post. Salary will be dependent on age and experience. Housing available if from London Area. Write giving full details to Personnel Manager, Edwards High Vacuum, Ltd., Manor Royal, Crawley, Sussex.

TRAVEL Service has immediate vacancies in London office for assistants in Foreign Travel Dept. with good English, sh./typing & Continental travel exp., good head for figures & administrative detail. Also vacancy in Accounts Dept. & part-time vacancy for tel. reception work. (2-6 p.m.) Box 9731.

TRANSLATOR Typist. French English, knowl. German desirable. Write Miners' Internat. Fed., 10 Blackfriars Rd., S.E.1.

PROFESSIONAL Association, W.C.1, requires Lady Committee Clerk. Minuting experience valuable but not essential. Good shorthand and typewriting. Salary £450 to max. £500 payable suitable applicant. Appointment pensionable. Apply Box 9749.

COMPUTRESS. A small group engaged in statistical research at a well-known American University seeks a capable computress who wishes to move, at her own expense, to the United States. Send details of experience and references to Box 48.

EXPD. typist reqd. Accuracy & familiarity with scientific terms essen. Infosearch, 16 Ladbroke Gdns., W.11. PARk 6047.

TEMPORARY, part- or full-time office worker, shorthand/typing, possibility of permanency. Apply: Sec., Friends' Peace Ctee., Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

INTERNATIONAL Sociological Association requires Secretarial Assistant for shorthand-typing and general administrative duties; salary £450—£550 according to qualifications and experience. Apply to Secretary, I.S.A., 13 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1.

CLERK with knowledge shorthand/typing and simple accounting for interesting work in Trade Union branch office. Salary on scale rising to £11 15s. Apply in writing to National Union of Journalists, 22 Great Windmill Street, London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY wanted for small literary agency. Some book-keeping. TEM. 8951.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn.). Permanent and Temporary office staff (m. & f.). Typewriting; Duplicating. TEM. 6644.

CAREER women are offered the widest possible selection of vacancies at Fine's Agency. Secretaries, Shorthand and Copy Typists, Book-keepers, senior and junior, can be sure that all the most interesting and best-paid positions, both permanent and temporary, are open to them at any of our branches, 95-99 Praed St., W.2, 69 Fleet St., E.C.4, 12 Brompton Rd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1. (2 doors from The Scotch House.)

THE St. Stephen's Secretariat provides and is always glad to welcome educated women with really good secretarial qualifications. Posts at commencing salaries of £10 and with excellent prospects, always available for suitably qualified women. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, and 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2.

£5 to £15. Appointments. Avian require all staff. M./f., perm. temp. No fees. 109 Tottenham Ct. Rd. W.1. EUS. 2579/2719.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore Street, W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

SHT./Typists for interesting work, weekly or by hour or day. GER. 0163.

BOX Office Assistant reqd. by Irving Th., Leicester Sq. Apply between 11-1.

WEST End Coffee Bar requires three well-bred girls as assistants, part-time or full-time. Box 9579.

TRY the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. GERrard 2848 (3 lines).

INTERESTING post Old People's Meals) good salary and three furnished rooms offered to experienced cook caterer, South London. Some cake-making. Box 9763.

PROFESSIONAL couple need intelligent, cheerful person to look after two girls (4½ and 2½). Resident post, good salary, ample free time. Modern house overlooking Hampstead Heath. SWI. 2902. Box 9769.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

LADY B.A. (Hon.) London, French, German, Spanish, some Swedish, sec. experience, seeks interesting post. Box 18.

HIGHLY qualified accountant, wide exp. & specialised knowl. printing, pubshg., bookseller, sks. respons. post Lond. Box 9791.

YOUNG man, 26, Oxford, ex-C'w'lth, C.S., sks. worthwhile post reqg. intelligence. Any sal. considered. Box 9788.

CAN anyone offer interesting employment to ex-teacher (f.), 35, possessing an alert mind, initiative, senses of responsibility and humour, adaptable, some shorthand typing, musical, good appearance. Box 9789.

EXPERT editor-translator—four of his translations appearing this year—author of some 80 concise "lives" for Collins Classics would like to undertake 1 or 2 important translations (German English) requiring specialised knowledge: theology, psychology, philosophy or history. Alternatively would be prepared to accept part-time post demanding above-mentioned qualifications and wide cultural background, with book- or high-class magazine publishers. Box 9550.

WOMAN, 28, exp. Occ. Art Therapist, qual. teacher, sks. work in mental hospital, London, Surrey or coast. Box 9651.

LIVELY-minded professional man wishes exchange secure executive position for worthwhile, creative activity. Fluent Portuguese, shorthand, drawing ability. Research? Museum work? Suggestions welc. Box 9649.

INTELLIGENT young married woman requires interesting work 20 hrs. weekly: secretarial, domestic artistic. N. London area. £4 10s. weekly. TUD. 6979 evenings.

TRAINED sec. & palantypist, Engl., French & German, sks. post, prof., benevolent academic. Pref. Lond. Box 9756.

NORTHERN Spanish married couple, ages 28 & 22 (butler or gardener/handyman & cook/general) ready to leave Spain now. First-class refs. & knowl. English. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1. GER. 9911.

EDUC. lady sks. empl. sh. typist, recep. Initiative, fluent French. Box 30.

HISTORY graduate, m., 30, with sound knowledge German, English, French and Italian, seeks responsible position, requiring experience in publishing and book trade. Any editorial or library work involving wide cultural interests also considered. Box 9784.

FELLOWSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of Nottingham. Research Fellowship. Applications are invited for a Research Fellowship of the value of £600 per annum. This award is open to candidates likely to make a significant contribution to knowledge in any of the following: Classics, Ancient History, French Studies, German Studies, Spanish Studies. Further information and forms of application may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom the completed forms must be returned not later than March 1, 1957.

STUDENTSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Application is invited for the Herbert Smith Memorial Research Studentship (for research in either Botany or Zoology, preferably on a subject connected with the interests of the Society for the Promotion of Nature Reserves), of the value of £100 per annum, tenable for two years. Applicants should normally possess a Bachelor's Degree of this University (with at least Second Class Honours), or an equivalent qualification of another University in the United Kingdom, but candidates about to take their Final Degree Examination are eligible. Application (on prescribed form) must reach the Secretary to the Scholarships Committee, Senate House, London, W.C.1 (from whom form and further particulars may be obtained) not later than March 1, 1957.

UNIVERSITY of London. Postgraduate Studentships. Applicattons are invited from Graduates of the University of London for the following studentships, for full-time research or advanced study: In any subject: (a) Postgraduate Studentships (£325 for one year); (b) William Lincoln Shelley Studentship (£325 p.a. for one or two years); (c) Arthur Jubber Studentship (£325 for one year); (d) Postgraduate Travelling Studentships value according to need—for one year). In Physics: (a) George William Britt (Junior) Studentship (£100 for one year). Applicants for (a), (b), (c) and (e) must be graduates of not more than three years' standing and for (d) they must be under the age of 28. Forms and further particulars from Secretary to the Scholarships Committee, Senate House, London, W.C.1, to whom applications should be returned by March 1, 1957.

UNIVERSITY of Nottingham. Post-Graduate Studentships and Scholarships. The University offers for award a number of Post-graduate Studentships and Scholarships (of varying values up to £300 per annum plus fees) for research in any appropriate field of learning in Arts, Law, Social Science, Education, Pure Science, Agriculture, Horticulture or Applied Science. Awards are open to candidates who by October, 1957, will have graduated from any University or University College. The University will also in due course be making recommendations for the award of D.S.I.R. and State Studentships to candidates wishing to do research in the University of Nottingham. Further information and forms of application for all these awards may be obtained from the Registrar. Immediate provisional application will be an advantage, and is essential for D.S.I.R. and State Studentships; applications for the University awards will not be accepted after July 1, 1957.

SCHOLARSHIPS Abroad, 1957-58. Applications are invited from British students for scholarships offered by Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Iceland, Iran, Italy, The Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland and Yugoslavia. The awards are mainly for university graduates and undergraduates and are tenable for periods varying from a few weeks to twelve months during the academic year 1957-58. Full particulars and application forms, for which a stamped addressed foolscap envelope should be sent, are obtainable from the British Council, 65 Davies Street, London, W.1, or from any British Council office in the United Kingdom.

MILLFIELD School. Scholarships of up to £360 p.a. for boys aged 13 down to 7 will be awarded between Feb. 1 and April 1 for entry September 1957-63. Awards will be made upon evidence of really high intelligence (potential first-class honours range) and/or mathematical ability submitted by parents and schoolmasters to Sec., Admissions Committee, Millfield School, Street, Som.

BEDALES School, Petersfield (Co-educational). Scholarship and Entrance Tests will be held at the School from March 27-29, 1957. Four or five scholarships, value approximately £80 to £100, are offered to boys and girls of special promise and ability in one or more subjects, including Art and Music. A special Music scholarship, of approximately £150 to £200, is offered to a boy or girl contemplating Music as a career. Candidates should be between the ages of 12½ and 14 in September 1957. Particulars from the Headmaster.

SCHOOLS

BROOMBANK School, Selsey, Sussex. Sound education with special facilities for music and art. Brochure free. Selsey 2774.

INDIVIDUAL teaching in group for children retarded by emotional difficulties. Mrs. Flynn, B.A., 12 Lambolle Road, N.W.3.

KING Alfred School (F.1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Road, N.W.11.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth; co-education, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, M.A.

SCHOOLS—continued

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (PRI. 4481-2-3.) Small group weekly of full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E., Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends and holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland Chiltern Hills 750ft.). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.; M. D. C. Graham, M.A. (Oxon).

WHITTON Dene House (Twickenham-Isleworth area). Nursery-Infant School (3-8 yrs.). Recog. by Froebel Foundation & Min. of Educ. Open-air life in acre garden & orchard. Buses 33 & 203. HOU. 4430.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THE Nation, America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

HOW to Become a Bernard Shaw. Also articles on Dostoevsky, Writers' Union, young musicians, cinema. New S.C.R. Bulletin "Arts in U.S.S.R." Just out 2s. (post free 2s. 3d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. or bookshops.

ART Masterpieces of Iran, Spain and Italy. A special issue of Unesco Courier containing 52 illustrated pages with many colour reproductions. Only 2s. from your newsagent or bookseller, or 2s. 3d. direct from H.M. Stationery Office, London, S.E.1.

"SOCIALIST-Communist Relations" Ben Parkin, M.P.); "Housing" (Sir Richard Coppock); "Britain and the World" (R.P.D.), Marx Family Letters (newly published) in the January "Labour Monthly." Order now 1s. 6d. all agents or 9s. half-yearly subs. from N.S., 134b Ballards Lane, N.3.

"AFRICA South," new internatl. quarterly. Discussion of S. African problems & their relation to Africa & rest of world. 2nd no. now avail. 4s. from leading bookshops London, Oxford, Camb, J. Menzies, Edinburgh, S.P.C.K., Collets shops elsewhere.

TREASON Trial in South Africa. For background read "The Choice Before South Africa" by Solly Sachs. Paper cover edition 5s.; hard covers 7s. 6d.; library edition 15s. Postage 6d. extra. Address: E.S. Sachs, 41 Platt's Lane, London, N.W.3.

"SCIENTIFIC World." Discussion forum for scientists of all countries. No. 1 has articles on automation in U.S.A., training of research workers in U.S.S.R., fuel problems in India, science in Brazil, etc. Published in English, French, German, Russian and Chinese. English edition available, price 8d. post paid (2s. 6d. for 4 issues); from W.F.S.W., 27 Red Lion Street, W.C.1.

THE Original Family Tree with 16 M.P.s (including Macmillan) & the Marquess of Salisbury appears in L.R.D. Pamphlet "Tory M.P. 1955," reduced price 6d. per copy, post free. 2 Soho Sq., W.1.

SHAVIANA. New Age vols. II to V & XIV, XV, containing the complete Shaw-Chesterton-Belloc-Wells controversy in original bindings. Perf. cond. Offers to Box 5.

"NEW Horizons" by Wilfred Wellock. A basic book which challenges our quantitative society with the stimulating outline of a high-quality civilisation. 2s. 9d. p.f. Housmans Bookshop, 3 Blackstock Rd., N.4.

"THE Linguist," the language monthly for experts and beginners, has now added Russian to its "Typical Conversations" in English, French, German, Spanish and Italian. 17s. yearly, including postage to any country. Specimen copy 1s. 3d., Dept. NS., The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

"WORLD Socialist" (Feb.). Cole on Hungary, Warbey on Internationalism, etc. 6d. to I.S.S.S., 22 Nevern Rd., S.W.5.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

BOOKS on Occultism, Mysticism, Yoga, Eastern Philosophy, Magic, Astrology, Healing and all similar subjects. Send 3d. stamp for free catalogues: The Aquarian Book Service, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

WANTED: Horizons; Penguin New Writings; Scrutiny & similar periodicals. Also Books & Libraries bought. Fisher & Sperr, 46 Highgate High St. N.6. MOU 7244.

ALL good books bought. Emphasis on Socialist bks./pamps./journals. Van calls. The Hammersmith Bkshop., W.6. RIV. 6807.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHES Antiquariat. R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

LECTURE COURSES etc.—cont. from p. 120

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PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

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